

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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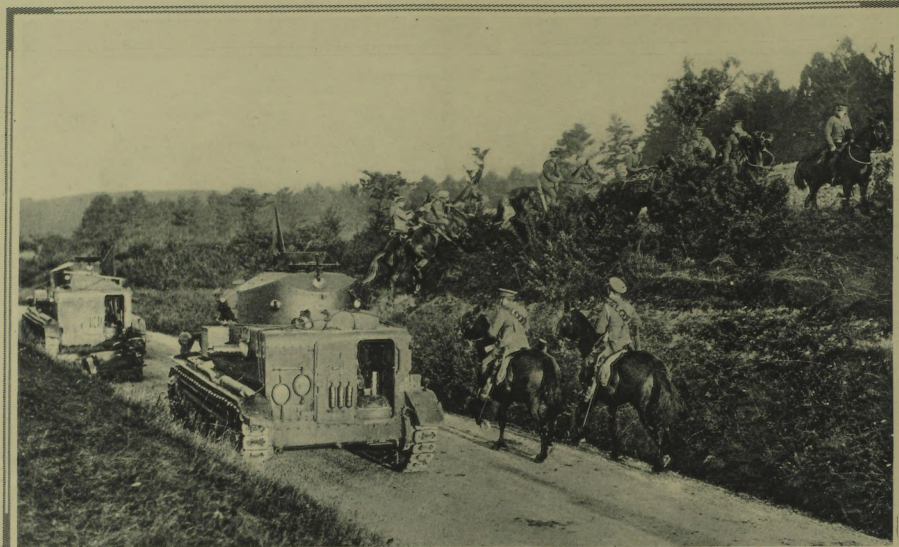
MECHANISED WARFARE ON SALISBURY PLAIN: AEROPLANES SCOUTING FOR THE TANKS ATTACKING A HILL,  
OVER A SMOKE-SCREEN PUT UP BY THE DEFENDERS.

During the exercises of the Mechanised Force on Salisbury Plain, a "battle" was arranged between the "Blues" and the "Reds," to illustrate the use of tanks in attack. "Red" machine-gunners were holding Chalkpit Hill, and a company of "Blue" tanks was detailed to capture the position. Smoke-screens

were used to blind the enemy gunners. The "Blue" tanks took Chalkpit Hill, and the next operation was an advance of "Blue" infantry, supported by tanks and tankettes, against Sidbury and Clarendon Hills. Aeroplanes also co-operated in the attack, as they could see what went on beyond the smoke-screens.



# THE MECHANISED FORCE "IN ACTION" ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A TANK ATTACK; CAVALRY *VERSUS* MACHINES.



1. TESTING THE ABILITY OF A CAVALRY BRIGADE TO CHECK OR DELAY THE MOVEMENT OF A MECHANISED FORCE: CAVALRY CROSSING A ROAD, ON WHICH ARE SEEN TWO CAPTURED TANKS, DURING A "BATTLE" ON SALISBURY PLAIN ON AUGUST 25 BETWEEN "SOUTHERNERS" (CAVALRY) AND "NORTHERNERS."



2. INFANTRY IN AMBUSH ATTACKED FROM THE AIR, WHILE A SMOKE-SCREEN IS LAID BY ARTILLERY: AN INCIDENT DURING A TANK ATTACK ON AUGUST 24



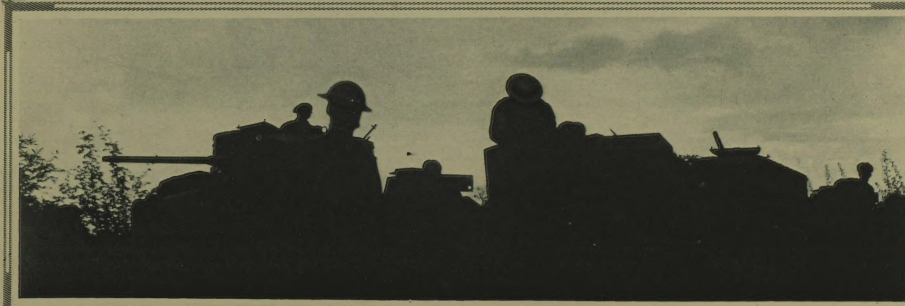
3. DURING THE "BATTLE" BETWEEN CAVALRY AND THE MECHANISED FORCE: CAVALRY AND PACK-HORSES DESCENDING A STEEP BANK INTO A ROAD.



4. ARTILLERY GOING INTO "ACTION" AT DAWN: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF A BATTERY ADVANCING DURING THE "BATTLE" OF AUGUST 25 BETWEEN A "NORTHERN" MECHANISED FORCE AND "SOUTHERN" CAVALRY, AIDED BY THE R.H.A.



5. TESTING THE USE OF TANKS IN AN ATTACK ON HILL POSITIONS: AN INCIDENT IN THE ACTION OF AUGUST 24 BETWEEN THE "BLUES" AND THE "REDS": TANKS OF THE "BLUE" FORCE MANOEUVRING BEHIND A SMOKE-SCREEN.



6. A SILHOUETTE OF LARGE TANKS (WITH TURRET GUNS) AND SMALL TANKETTES (FOREGROUND) CROSSING ROUGH COUNTRY AT DUSK: AN INCIDENT OF THE ACTION BETWEEN THE MECHANISED FORCE AND A CAVALRY BRIGADE ON AUGUST 25.

During the Army Exercises on Salisbury Plain some very interesting and dramatic "battles" were fought with a view to solving various problems in connection with the mobility and efficiency of the Experimental Mechanised Force. Our photographs illustrate two distinct actions, which took place respectively on August 24 and 25. That of the 24th (shown in Nos. 2 and 5 and also on the front page of this issue) was designed to illustrate the principle of using tanks in the attack, and to decide whether the tanks carrying protected machine-guns, or unprotected machine-guns and riflemen following, should be regarded as the decisive factor in attacking. It was ruled that the tanks are the "decisive" arm, and that infantry are in support; also that tanks must be used in concentrated bodies, aided by small-arms fire and artillery. A "Blue" force of tanks captured a hill occupied by a "Red" force. Smoke-screens were used, while aeroplanes co-operated to observe what took place beyond the smoke. The "battle" of August 25 (illustrated in Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 6) was

fought between a "Southern" Cavalry Brigade and a "Northern" force of tanks and tankettes, to test the ability of cavalry to check or delay the movement of a mechanised force, reinforced by a "mechanised" battalion of infantry. The cavalry were supported by a battery of Royal Horse Artillery and armoured cars, and the tanks by a field company of the Royal Engineers. A "Times" correspondent writes: "I was in time to see an interesting fight between the 16/5th Lancers and armoured cars in a large field. The mix-up between horsemen and machines was indescribable. Owing to the good placing of the heavy anti-tank machine-gun of the cavalry, the umpires gave the decision in their favour. They were aided by the R.H.A. guns. . . . To summarise— . . . the Southerners caused as much delay as such a force could be expected to do to the Mechanised Force. . . . The communication work of the signals in this (Cavalry) Brigade is some of the best I have seen, but, nevertheless, not quick enough to secure cavalry on the march from armoured-car raids on the flanks."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A LITTLE while ago, I remarked on the philosophy of the novelists, and the curious way in which they can combine extraordinary reality in fiction with extraordinary unreality in history. I believe them implicitly about the things that never happened. It is the things that have happened which I find, in their account, quite incredible. This might be illustrated, of course, in the more crude and obvious case of novelists dealing with history: I mean in the case of those who are called historical novelists. Even in the case of good novels, it is generally true that historical novels are very unhistorical novels. And here, again, it is generally the fiction that is reliable and the fact that is misleading. I am sure that Dumas was much more correct about Aramis, who never lived, than about Richelieu, who did. I feel pretty sure that Thackeray had a much more realistic impression of Henry Esmond than he had of William of Orange. But here it was rather a question of those novelists who are concerned with what another novelist, Mr. Justin McCarthy, called "a history of our own time." And these seemed to be mostly concerned with showing that our own time must be much better than anybody else's time; and they are not very successful in proving it, even if it is true. Indeed, their own novels often seem like answers to their own theories. Some of them seem to be as pessimistic about men as they are optimistic about man. But there is also a novelist of another type who raises what is perhaps another question.

Since I commented on the progressive jubilations of Mr. J. D. Beresford, a somewhat similar article has been written by Mr. Hugh Walpole. Some genial critics of his own generation have accused Mr. Walpole of a base degeneration into mellowness and humanity. But the author of so very modern a gargoyle as "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" knows all there is in modern conditions that can be at once mean and mad. Anyhow, Mr. Walpole holds the balance between the generations rather more evenly than Mr. Beresford. But neither of them seems to realise a very simple fact, that seems to me to recur again and again in human history. Mr. Walpole feels sympathy with the reactionaries, but eventually throws in his lot with the reformers. What he does not seem to realise is that the reactionaries always were the reformers. His article is called "On Liking One's Own Time"; and he conveys a rebuke to all those who look back with regret to an earlier time. But, as a fact, nearly everything he likes in his own time has been due to people who did look back to an earlier time. I cannot remember a single revolution which was not what he would call a reaction.

Now, I entirely agree with him in liking many things in my own time. But I deny that they were produced by the people who praised their own time, or even the people who praise ours. For instance, one of the things that I like in my own time is the spread of spontaneous popular play-acting and pageantry; the countless dramatic clubs in the suburbs; the new historical processions in the villages. I call that improvement; I am quite prepared to call it

progress. But the progressives of fifty or sixty years ago would not have called it progress. The Nonconformist conscience of my boyhood, which was always talking about progress, would not have called it progress. The sober Radical merchants of Manchester and the North, who led the Liberal movement in their day, would not have called it progress, any more than Oliver Cromwell or John Bunyan would have called it liberty, though they certainly regarded themselves as fighting for liberty. They would have regarded it as reaction; as a relapse into the profligate blasphemy and buffoonery of the Stuart Court. They would not have regarded pageants full of monks and knights in armour as a

Liberal myself and entirely approve of many of their progressive political achievements. I am only pointing out that, if there had been nothing but a pride in their progressive achievements, we should never have progressed at all towards any of our own favourite achievements. What put matters right was exactly the action which Mr. Walpole thinks so wrong. It was appealing to earlier ages. A thing like the drama was revived among the democracy, not because the seventeenth century extended the democracy of Geneva, and not because the nineteenth century extended the democracy of Manchester; but because a few eccentric people still protested that there was a great deal of good in old plays or old merry-making. Sometimes they were merely regarded as mad antiquaries; as was Charles Lamb when he fondled the old Elizabethan folios under the staring eyes of the astonished Utilitarians. It is typical of the true story of these things that Lamb, looking like a crank in an old curiosity shop, defended the lively Restoration comedies; and Macaulay, who looked like the embodiment of the march of mercantile progress, sternly rebuked him for going back into such a dust-bin and digging up plays that were "a disgrace to our national history." Macaulay would have been called the Reformer and Lamb the Reactionary. But if we can now see the comedies of Congreve acted with brilliant success in London, it is the victory of the Reactionary and not the Reformer.

I could mention any number of other things in my own time that I like as much as Mr. Walpole does. I think that, on the whole, dress and decoration and furniture have vastly improved since the time of bustles and horsehair sofas. They have been much improved; but what has improved them? The first protest against the huge and heavy apparatus of dress came from men like William Morris, who implored ladies to be draped like women and not upholstered like arm-chairs. William Morris made a similar improvement in the decorative designs on the arm-chairs. But William Morris was not a man praising his own time. He was a man mocked, exactly as we are mocked, for praising the mediæval time. And, as far as we can see, if he had not perceived that certain mediæval things were beautiful, he must have left the progressive modern things to grow progressively ugly. If everybody in the Mid-Victorian world had written articles "On Liking One's Own Time," they would presumably have pleaded for liking bustles and liking billycock hats and liking everything that we now dislike. Ugliness was the tendency of the time; only something else came in, not only to turn it, but actually to turn it back to beauty.

Mr. Walpole is rejoicing in the triumphs of a hundred reactionaries, and then advising us against reaction. He is almost, we might say, advising us against remembrance. There are a great many examples I could give, and a great many other aspects of his interesting essay I should like to consider. But I am content to note here this one neglected fact: that remembrance had been the chief spur of reform.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY GREETS MAJOR MACKENZIE AT BALLATER STATION ON THE WAY TO BALMORAL.

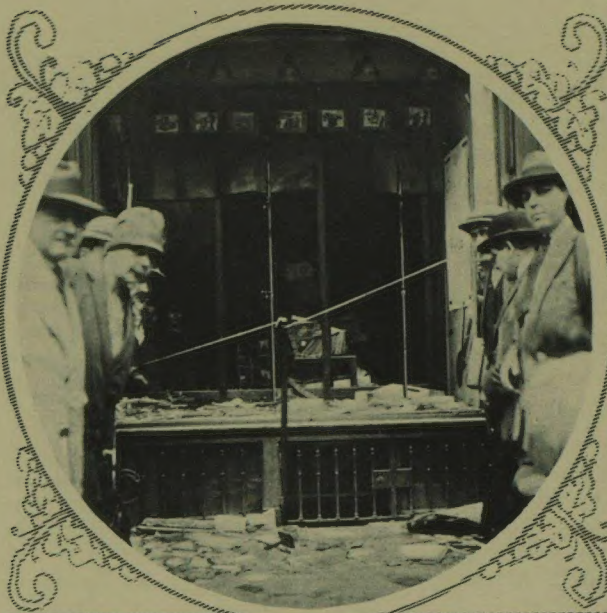
The King left Abbeystead, Lancaster, on August 27, for his annual stay at Balmoral, travelling by train to Ballater, and proceeding thence to the Castle. At Ballater Station he inspected the King's Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion the Royal Scots (the Royal Regiment), under the command of Major John Mackenzie. On the following morning (Sunday) his Majesty attended service in Crathie Parish Church, and later visited the Princess Royal at Mar Lodge. The Duke of York also arrived recently at Balmoral.

march that was going forward. They would have regarded it as going backward; as being enslaved once more by the mummeries of mediæval superstition. If the Puritans of the early seventeenth century had followed nothing but the New Model and the New Religion, they would never have shown the faintest tendency to bring into the world anything so antiquated as a village pageant. If the Nonconformists of the early nineteenth century had merely gone forward along their own lines of social righteousness and social reform, the people in the suburbs would now be a thousand miles further off anything like a dramatic club.

I am not saying that these people were not pursuing other objects which were excellent; I am a



# SACCO AND VANZETTI: PARIS RIOTS—AND AN ATONEMENT.



A WRECKED SHOP IN THE BOULEVARD STRASBOURG: ONE OF THE MANY SMASHED AND LOOTED AFTER THE EXECUTION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI.



THE MOULIN ROUGE DAMAGED, AS A FAVOURITE RESORT OF AMERICANS: THE ENTRANCE, SHOWING A LARGE WINDOW BROKEN.



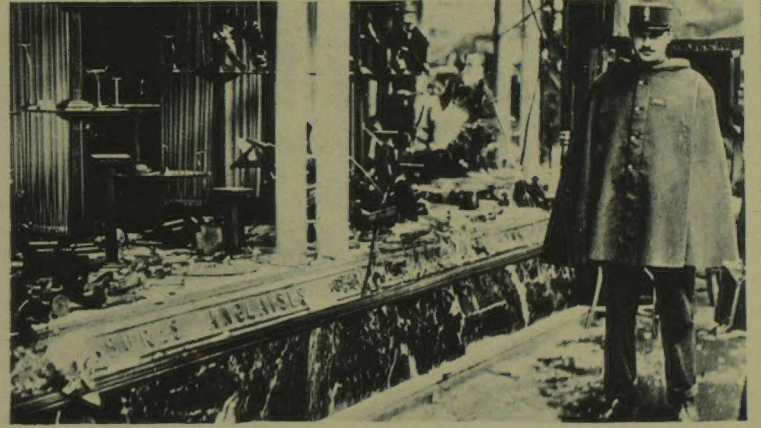
ONE OF THE NEWSPAPER KIOSKS (ALL WRECKED BY THE RIOTERS) IN THE BOULEVARD SEBASTOPOL: A RESULT OF COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS.



THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, TO ATONE FOR ITS DESECRATION BY COMMUNISTS AFTER THE EXECUTION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI IN AMERICA: THE PROCESSION (INCLUDING M. POINCARÉ, WHO LAID A WREATH ON THE TOMB) ARRIVING AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



ONE OF NUMEROUS SHOPS WRECKED DURING THE PARIS DISTURBANCES: THE BROKEN WINDOW, SHOWING (ON THE GLASS) A PIECE OF IRON GRATING USED TO SMASH IT.



WRECKED BY RIOTERS WHO SPECIALLY ATTACKED AMERICAN SHOPS AND THOSE WITH ENGLISH NAMES: AN ENGLISH BOOT SHOP IN PARIS AFTER THE DISTURBANCES.

After the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, at Boston, U.S.A., further Communist disturbances took place the next day (August 23) in Paris. The United States Embassy was protected by police, but elsewhere large crowds of demonstrators collected, and the police were ordered to clear the streets. Blows and missiles were freely exchanged. Some of the rioters went to the Moulin Rouge, a favourite resort of American tourists, and smashed the lamps and windows. Many shops were wrecked and looted, especially American shoe-shops and those bearing English names. In the Boulevard Sebastopol seventeen shops and all the newspaper kiosks in the street were smashed. Over 200 policemen were injured, many of them being stabbed, and several were taken to hospital. At a time

when the Place de l'Etoile was deserted, demonstrators defiled and spat upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier beneath the Arc de Triomphe, trampled on the wreaths, and tried to extinguish the Flame of Remembrance. As an atonement for the desecration, the French Government made a pilgrimage to the Tomb on the 26th, and M. Poincaré laid a wreath upon it. Many other wreaths were laid, and later there was a great demonstration of ex-soldiers there. Meanwhile, on the 25th, there had been fresh disorders in the Boulevard Sebastopol. The crowd numbered about 5000, and the damage was estimated at £80,000. After the disorders, the Paris police arrested about 300 suspects, mostly foreigners, whom it was decided to deport.



## RIVIERA FOREST FIRES: A REGION WITHOUT RAIN SINCE MARCH.



A DISASTER SOME ASCRIBE TO INCENDIARIES: THE WORST FOREST FIRES ON THE RIVIERA SINCE 1923. DEVASTATING MANY THOUSANDS OF ACRES: THE FLAMES CLIMBING A WOODED SLOPE IN THE DIRECTION OF MONT VINAIGRE.



FIRES THAT TURNED HALF OF THE WOODED COUNTRY OF THE HAUT ESTEREL INTO "A BLACKENED WILDERNESS COVERED WITH A THICK CARPET OF ASHES": FLAMES AND SMOKE ROLLING THROUGH A VALLEY IN THE DISTRICT OF BAGNOLS—A TYPICAL SCENE OF HAVOC ON THE RIVIERA.

The recent forest fires on the Riviera are described as the worst experienced since 1923, when the damage was estimated at about £300,000. This year again the worst outbreaks—more than thirty in number—occurred in the woods near Cannes, Grasse, Nice, Antibes, St. Raphael, and the Esterel. There has been practically no rain in this region since the end of March, and the drought naturally assists the rapid spread of the flames. In such conditions fires may easily be started, but there was suspicion of arson, and some arrests were made.

At some places, as at Grasse and Mentone, villas and hotels were endangered. The fire in the Esterel began in the woods of Flayose and Lorgues, and spread rapidly towards Bagnols, near Fréjus, covering a distance of over twelve miles on a six-mile front, and devastating more than 25,000 acres. "In less than six days," it was reported, "half of the wooded country of the Haut Esterel has been turned into a blackened wilderness covered with a thick carpet of ashes." Several fresh outbreaks began on August 26 and 28.



# "FLAKES OF CRIMSON OR EMERALD RAIN": REMARKABLE FIREWORKS.



A "WATERFALL" OF FIRE: A SPECTACULAR SET-PIECE IN A PARK BESIDE THE SPREE AT BERLIN, ENTITLED "TREPTOW IN FLAMES"—A VIEW THROUGH THE BRIDGE LEADING TO THE ISLAND ABBEY NEAR TREPTOW PARK.



GIANT "CHRYSA-ANTHEMUMS" WITH PETALS OF FLAME: A WONDERFUL SCENE OF LIGHT AND COLOUR ON THE LIDO DURING A FESTIVAL NIGHT AT VENICE—THRONGS OF REVELLERS AFLOAT IN BARGE OR GONDOLA WATCHING THE FIREWORK DISPLAY.

Fireworks add the last touch of splendour to the romance of carnival on a summer night. Here we give two remarkable examples of the pyrotechnic act as practised on the Continent. The upper photograph shows an impressive "waterfall" effect at Treptow Park, Berlin, where weekly firework displays are given similar to those so popular with Londoners at the Crystal Palace. Treptow Park adjoins the Spree, and lying off it in the river is Abtei (Abbey) Island. The lower

picture illustrates a wonderful night on the Lido at Venice, on the occasion of a festival, in which numbers of foreign visitors took an enthusiastic part. It was a scene of magical beauty, with myriads of twinkling lights reflected in the water, where hosts of revellers glided along in gondola or barge. The fireworks, as our photograph shows, made a brilliant spectacle, recalling Tennyson's description of "the rocket molten into flakes of crimson or in emerald rain."





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## SEA-LILIES—PAST AND PRESENT.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be.

ASSYRIA, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, each in turn enjoyed their period of splendour and passed into nothingness. And we now endeavour to read their history by laboriously digging up their rubbish-heaps and the ruins of their cities, counting them precious relics for the light they throw on peoples and customs which else we should never have dreamed of. We can measure, approximately, the duration of each of these ancient civilisations, and we know that in no case did they hold sway for more than a few thousand years. Far otherwise is the case when we come to study the ancient inhabitants of the earth, before man appeared. Here we find types which in their own bodies left broken fragments for our mystification and admiration, of such vast magnitude as to form immense areas of the solid ground on which we tread. Thousands of feet thick, as well as hundreds of miles square, have such accumulations sometimes grown, and they must have taken millions of years to form.

But in all such cases it is rather the history of the sea than of the land that we are reading, for all such deposits are of marine origin. As Tennyson reminds us—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!

There where the long street roars hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.

Let me illustrate this by the history of the Encrinites, or "Stone-lilies," creatures which make

limestone" for building purposes. They must have enjoyed unusually favourable conditions of existence, over an enormous period of time.

But what were these crinoids like? Briefly, they are members of that great group known as the "Echinodermata," to which the star-fish, brittle-stars, sea-urchins, and holothurians, or "sea-cucumbers," belong. The body was, and is, made up almost entirely of crystalline carbonate of lime, forming a skeleton well-nigh indestructible. It takes the form of a long, slender, jointed stalk, rooted in the sea-floor, supporting a cup, the rim of which bears five branching arms, bearing fringes of small "pinnae." In the centre of the lid of the cup is the mouth. The food is brought to the mouth by the arms, which are grooved on the inner surface to permit a constant stream of water, laden with the animalculæ on which the crinoid feeds, to be swept down the grooves to the mouth, by means of the incessant wave-like movements of delicate and short filaments called "cilia."

But the arms serve not only for collecting food, but also for respiration, each arm carrying a delicately walled water-vessel which gives off delicate side-branches to serve as gills. The water for this hydraulic system is drawn in through a finely perforated plate in the lid of the cup known as the "madreporite." You can see this plate in the star-fishes, which also

breathe after this fashion, though their method of feeding is very different. But some of these ancient crinoids did not live anchored to the sea-floor. Instead, they attached themselves to floating weeds, and hung head-downwards from long stalks fifty feet in length. A closely allied form is *Isocrinus*, which grows like great forests on the floor of some of our seas. *Scyphocrinus*, a very ancient type, also floated about head-downwards, but suspended by a large hollow ball, forming a float.

While some of the ancient crinoids had long, bare stems, others bore rings of short, finger-like branches, as in our present-day *Pentacrinus* (Fig. 2). Some, again, of these ancient types gradually shortened the stalk till finally it disappeared altogether; probably some species, at any rate, became free-swimming. Since the opportunity of going to the Caribbean Sea or to the Pacific Ocean to search for living crinoids can only come to very few of us, let me say something of the only crinoids of our own seas. These are represented by two genera—*Rhizocrinus* and *Bathocrinus*. And even these are inaccessible save to those who can provide apparatus requisite for dredging in water hundreds of fathoms deep.

Those who can contrive to dredge at ten fathoms may, however, on the south-west coast of England find a living crinoid in the rosy feather-star (*Antedon rosacea*)

(Figs. 3 and 4). But this, in its adult state, has, like some of its fossil relatives, lost its stem. In place thereof it has a cluster of long, delicate, root-like feet growing from the under-surface of the body. With these it anchors itself to the stems of seaweeds. All that is left of the stem is a knob-like stump forming the base of attachment for the feet. It enjoys one great advantage over its stalked relatives, for when disturbed it can detach its hold and swim away by the graceful movements of its muscular arms.

*Antedon*, the rosy feather-star, has, however, a very interesting and remarkable life-history, furnishing

us with one of the innumerable instances which can be cited to show that every animal climbs its own ancestral tree in the course of its development from the egg—whence all creatures, from man himself downwards, start by Nature's ordinance. *Antedon*, by the way, affords the only source of information yet available as to the course of embryonic and larval development of the stone-

lilies. As to this, it must suffice here to say that its eggs are comparatively large, and adhere for some time to the parent pinnules. But in due time these eggs hatch out into translucent, cylindrical larvæ, swimming freely in the sea by means of belts of cilia running round the body. No food is eaten during this stage, which is, in consequence, brief. It next settles down on a suitable site and develops, not into a "feather-star" like its parent, but—into a "stalked crinoid," as is shown in the upper photograph (Fig. 1). Here, for a time, it lives, as its ancestors lived and as its surviving relatives still live, as a "sea-lily," a name given from the flower-like appearance which the living animal presents.

Finally, it breaks off its connection with its stalk and swims away, coming presently to rest by anchoring itself to some convenient feeding-place by means of its prehensile, root-like tentacles. Near relations of *Antedon* are the "brittle-stars," some species of which, looking rather like fragile "star-fish," are extremely common on the sea-shore, if you know

where to look for them. I propose to say something about them presently—that is to say, before the delightful days of rock-pool hunting are over.

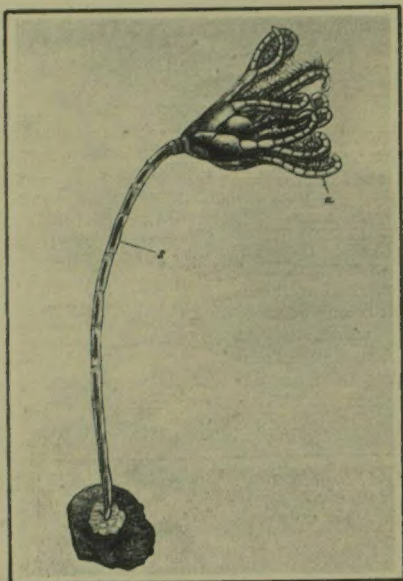


FIG. 1. A STALKED CRINOID: ONE OF THE LARVAL STAGES OF *ANTEDON* BEFORE SHEDDING THE STALK AND ASSUMING THE STAR-FISH FORM.

All we know of the early stages in the development of the crinoids has been gleaned from the life-history of *Antedon*. After the free-swimming stage, it settles down and develops into a stalked crinoid, cutting itself adrift from the stalk later on to assume the star-fish form.



FIG. 2. *PENTACRINUS ASTERIA*: A "SEA-LILY" WITH WHORLS OF TENTACLES ON ITS STALK. The Encrinites, or "sea-lilies," so called from their flower-like appearance, are to-day a mere remnant, being represented only by a few species. In some the stalk is quite bare, in others it bears whorls of tentacles, as in this photograph.

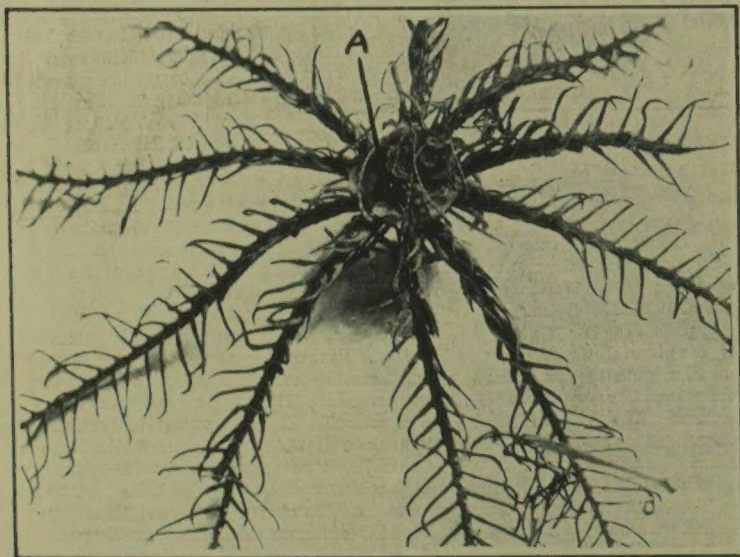


FIG. 3. WITH PREHENSILE FEELERS, AS IN *PENTACRINUS*: A ROSY FEATHER-STAR THAT HAS LOST ITS STALK—SHOWING MOUTH (A) AND FIVE FOOD-GROOVES RUNNING INTO IT.

The rosy feather-star, while having lost its stalk, has retained one whorl of prehensile feelers, as seen encircling the stalk in *Pentacrinus* (Fig. 2).

their first appearance in the rocks of the Cambrian epoch—how many millions of years ago no man can tell. Yet, as I shall show, they are living with us yet. From that day to this they have undergone but little structural change, so far as essentials are concerned. At first they appear in no great numbers, but a few million years later, in the carboniferous epoch, they must have been as the sand of the sea-shore. They must have grown as thickly together as corn in a field, and over areas of hundreds of miles in extent. So prodigious were their numbers that their remains have formed beds of limestone hundreds of feet thick, which we now quarry as "encrinite

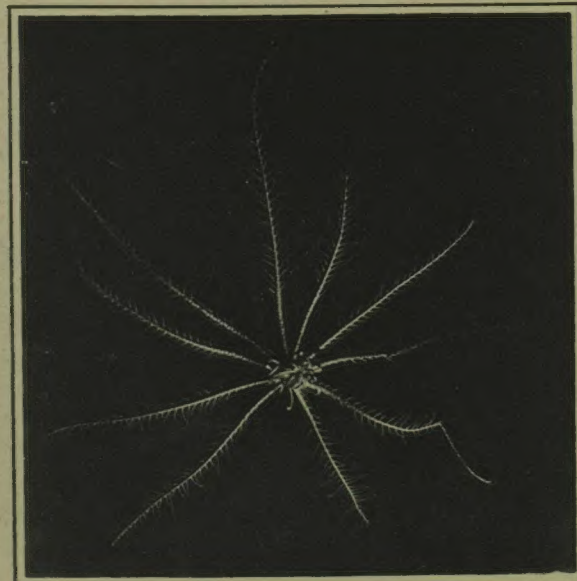
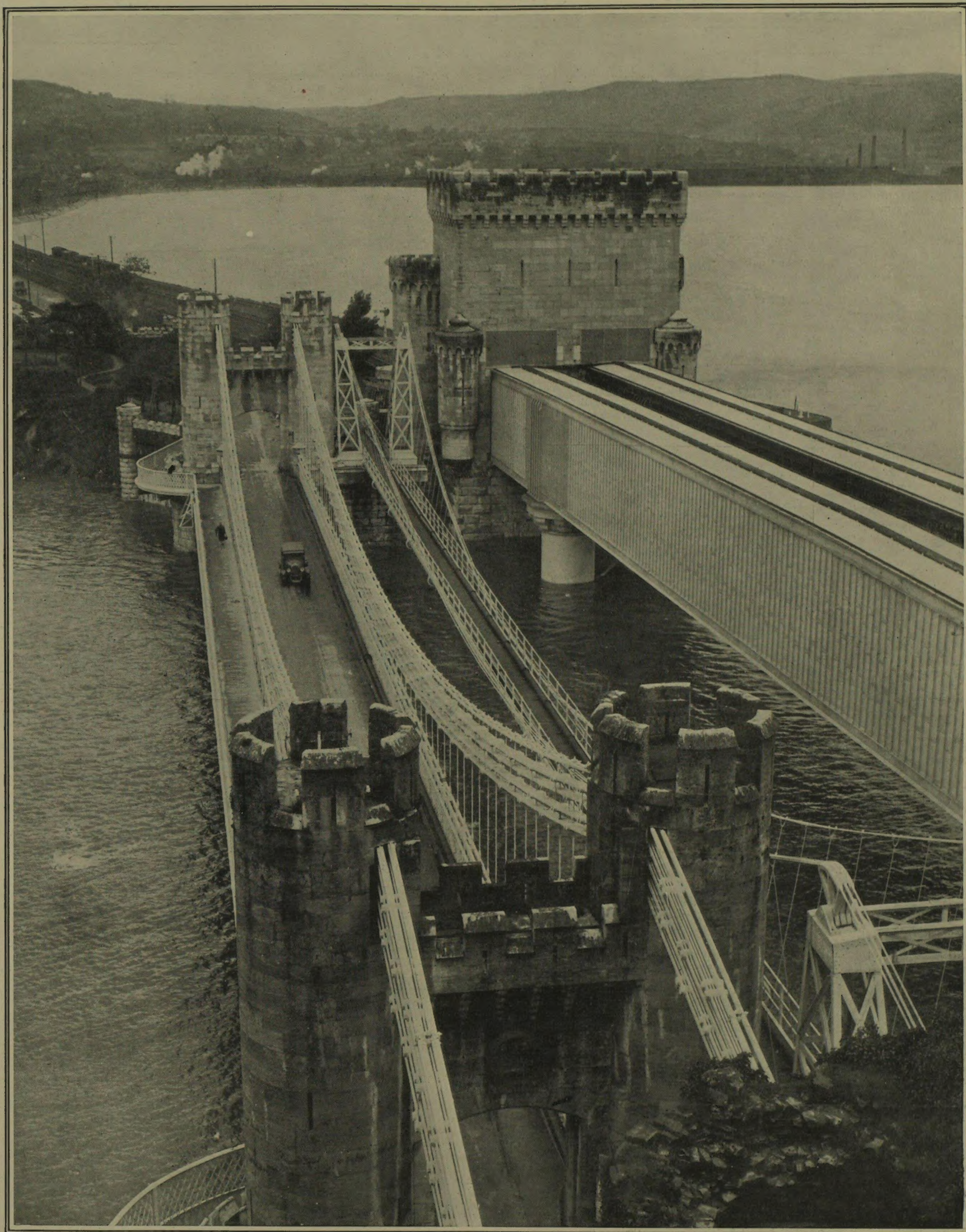


FIG. 4. THE ROSY FEATHER-STAR (*ANTEDON ROSACEA*): A LIVING CRINOID THAT HAS LOST ITS STEM AND LOOKS LIKE A STAR-FISH.

The rosy feather-star (*Antedon*) looks very like a star-fish, or one of the "brittle-stars." It is an encrinite which loses its stalk when adult. The under-surface is shown here, marked by five grooves, leading to the central mouth.



## THE CONWAY BRIDGE CENTENARY: CAUSE OF A COMING PAGEANT.



COMPLETED A CENTURY AGO: TELFORD'S FAMOUS SUSPENSION BRIDGE (ON THE LEFT) AT CONWAY, WITH THE TUBULAR RAILWAY BRIDGES (RIGHT) BUILT LATER BY ROBERT STEPHENSON—A VIEW FROM CONWAY CASTLE.

A pageant is to be held a few days hence at Conway Castle, to celebrate the centenary of the suspension bridge built there by the great civil engineer Thomas Telford. It was begun in 1822, to replace a dangerous ferry, and was completed in 1826, the year after the opening of Telford's still more famous work in Wales, the Menai Bridge. In our photograph, taken from Conway Castle, Telford's suspension bridge is seen on the left, and attached to it (on the extreme left) is the footway added in 1904. The two tubular railway viaducts on the right were

constructed by Robert Stephenson, twenty years after Telford's bridge was finished, and were the first of their kind. Between them and Telford's bridge is another later work, a wire-rope suspension bridge for conveying water by a pipe (from Cowlyd Lake) to Colwyn Bay and Deganwy. The suspended roadway of Telford's bridge is 327 ft. long, 32 ft. wide, and 18 ft. above high-water level. Telford was born in 1757 and died in 1834. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his other great engineering works was the Caledonian Canal in Scotland.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN September, most of us see our holidays in retrospect, except those prophetic souls who decided to toil through the dry and sultry days of August and defer their exodus from town till the fall of the leaf. While their weather forecast may not have been entirely fulfilled, I incline to think that their choice was happy, on the principle of the examiner who, judging a batch of poems, and having read all but one, awarded it the palm, feeling convinced that it could not be worse than the others. I propose now to take a short tour through regions of print in which some of our misty summer memories may be recalled.

Wherever we travel to-day, in the homeland or abroad, there is one sight that is practically ubiquitous. No town or village lacks its war memorial. It will be appropriate, therefore, to begin with a book that forms a worthy monument to county patriotism—"THE HISTORY OF THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY (PRINCE ALBERT'S). 1914-1919." By Everard Wyrall. With a Foreword by the Duke of York. With twenty-nine Portraits, seven other Illustrations, and two Maps (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). The regiment's royal Colonel-in-Chief, who recalls its associations with the name of his great-grandfather, says in his preface—

Official war histories are frequently as dry as dust to all but the professional students of war, and popular war histories are too often inaccurate. A Regimental History, however, should endeavour to avoid both these pitfalls, and should set forth in careful detail the collective and individual deeds of heroism that the Regiment has achieved. In my opinion the author, Mr. Everard Wyrall, has been eminently successful.

In a concluding tribute to the men of Somerset, Mr. Wyrall writes: "Their dogged perseverance . . . their tenacity and fine courage, were clearly demonstrated . . . In the long line of trenches, in fair weather or foul, in France and Flanders, on the sandy plains and in the rocky hills of Palestine, in the torrid heat of Mesopotamia, amidst the snowy wastes of Northern Russia, and lastly in the wild and lawless country which bounds the north-west frontier of India, Somerset men gave their lives most nobly." How great was the sacrifice of this one county is recorded in the table of casualties. The total number of officers and men of the regiment who were killed or died in the war was 4756. Their names are inscribed in the Somerset Book of Honour deposited in Wells Cathedral.

The scene changes now to a palace in London—a city which (strange as it may seem to the Londoner dreaming of escape) is a holiday resort *par excellence* for others. One of its chief attractions is the pageantry of kingship, displayed in royal ceremonies. Still more interesting are glimpses behind the scenes of Court life and ceremonial, showing the human and personal side. This aspect of Court life is revealed in the most delightful book of its kind that I have met—"BY THE CLOCK OF ST. JAMES'S." By Percy Armytage, C.V.O. With Illustrations (Murray; 18s.). I say "met" rather than "read," for the author is one who gives his readers the impression of listening to a genial and well-informed companion.

Mr. Armytage has been a Gentleman Usher in the Royal Household for twenty-five years, during which he has had a hand in that vast work of organisation that underlies State occasions, and had long been occupied in similar work in a private capacity. Of that period he speaks as "the thirty odd years during which I was a Beau Nash with a difference." He has known everybody, of course, in London society, besides many a "distinguished foreigner" and celebrities of the stage and music. He has formed close friendships himself with Indian rulers, and some of the richest of his many anecdotes concern the London visits of various Eastern potentates. I should like to tell the tale of the Maharajah's cow, or the Shah who rode a pink-tailed white horse at a Windsor review, but they would take too long. Other stories illustrate the author's affectionate devotion to the Royal House, from Queen Victoria onwards, and its genius for "uniting kindness with kingliness." To a man of such experiences, the past and its traditions are naturally dear. "The Clock of St. James's," he writes, "has ticked away four hundred years of English History."

I remain within sound of Big Ben, if not the clock of St. James's, in "DISAPPEARING LONDON." By E. Beresford Chancellor. Edited by Geoffrey Holme ("The Studio," Ltd.; 5s.). The title has no allusion to the subsidence in Cornhill, but to such episodes as the transformation of Regent Street, the Strand, and Piccadilly. As the author puts it, in a neat paraphrase, "a great city never is, but always to be built," and, like the human skin, it renews itself at stated periods. No writer is better qualified than Mr. Chancellor to revitalise the charm of old London. His essay introduces here a series of twelve beautiful etchings by well-known artists, showing the London of yesterday in course of transition to the London of to-day. Though too often the process involves the removal of familiar landmarks, there are potential changes which some might welcome on æsthetic grounds. Mr. Armytage, for example, denounces one "shrieking monstrosity." "How I wish," he writes, "some great-hearted and imaginative philanthropist would buy Queen Anne's Mansions, blow them up, and build on the site a simple, stately, dignified palace for State guests!" It is to be hoped the inhabitants would receive due warning.

Having reverted to the subject of Court life, I will mention here a kindred work, dealing with people who heard the clock of St. James's ticking a couple of centuries ago. Mr. Armytage, in fact, refers incidentally to several of the ladies whose careers are recorded in "MAIDS OF HONOUR." By Lewis Melville. With coloured Frontispiece by Aubrey Hammond, and sixteen half-tone Illustrations

the study of our earliest ancestors. It makes a good stepping-stone to a kindred work of wider scope—"PREHISTORIC MAN." Written and Illustrated by Keith Henderson (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), a new volume in the Simple Guide series. Mr. Henderson carries on the story of primitive man into Neolithic times and the later ages of copper, bronze, and iron. He, too, writes in vivid, colloquial style to be "understood of the people."

It was the Cæsars who brought our islands into the realm of history. The Southron may forget that Roman legions marched north of Tweed and built a mighty rampart across the land from Forth to Clyde. Less has been heard of that than of its English rival, but the author of "Hadrian's Wall" now takes us all along the Antonine Wall, and over many a fort and camp elsewhere, in her new book, "IN ROMAN SCOTLAND." By Jessie Mothersole. With Illustrations in colour and black and white by the Author. (Lane; 10s. 6d.). This is an important addition to the literature of a period long neglected, but nowadays vigorously studied by spade and pen. A popular contribution to the subject, on a small scale, but far from negligible is "ROMAN BRITAIN," by Gordon Home, a number in Messrs. Benn's wonderfully cheap little Sixpenny Library, in paper covers, of new monographs by writers of distinction on various branches of modern knowledge. It includes also "RELATIVITY," by James Rice; "CHEMISTRY," by Percy E. Spielmann; "THE MIND AND ITS WORKINGS," by

C. E. M. Joad; "THE EARTH, THE SUN, AND THE MOON," by George Forbes; and "THE DEVELOPMENT OF POLITICAL IDEAS," by F. C. J. Hearnshaw.

Archæology as it presented itself to a Kentish yokel who had found some Roman coins is amusingly described, incidentally, in "THE ENCHANTED ROAD." By Donald Maxwell. With 99 Illustrations in colour and line (Methuen; 21s.). Among all the books on homeland travel I have perused—and they are not a few—I know nothing more charming than Mr. Maxwell's drawings here of Kent and Thames-side, combined with his whimsical commentary.

One of his comments brings me to another book. "The first motor-cars," he says, "were silly-looking things, the complete absence of a horse . . . being their most noticeable feature." One can learn much more about the first motor-cars, and their successors, in the breezy and chatty personal record of a pioneer—"THE AUTOCAR—BIOGRAPHY OF OWEN JOHN." With eighty-three illustrations, including thirty art plates (The Autocar, Iliffe and Sons; 10s. 6d.). It is largely due to the motor-car, I think, that

people take so much interest to-day in the antiquities of the countryside. Mr. John's annals of the prehistoric car (including Earl Russell's "Hot Potato Can") are distinctly entertaining. As motor transport is nowadays associated with the Royal Mails, I may appropriately mention here an interesting addition to the Whitehall series of books on various branches of the Government—namely, "THE POST OFFICE." By Sir Evelyn Murray, K.C.B., Secretary to the Post Office since 1914 (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). No State department touches everyday life so nearly, and the story of the Post Office (which had its prototype in Roman Britain) is full of romance.

Those who prefer to travel on Shanks's pony, like the postman, will find a kindred spirit in "SEE ENGLAND FIRST." By S. P. B. Mais. With twelve illustrations from Photographs by Edgar and Winifred Ward (The Richards Press; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Mais does not support my theory as to the influence of motoring on the study of the homeland. "To know England," he says, "would take a thousand lifetimes. . . . But glimpses of her have been obtained by those who have obeyed two rules. The first is to sell your car and the second is never to lunch at home. . . . Quick transport, instead of bringing us closer to the heart of England, may only result in taking us 'from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell.'" Without prejudice to those estimable boroughs, I like this book immensely: it has the right note of humour and personality. Perhaps I should have begun with "See England First," but it does not invariably follow that the last shall be worst. C. E. B.



A BELGIAN WAR MEMORIAL THAT CAUSED PROTESTS FROM GERMANY: A MONUMENT RECENTLY UNVEILED AT DINANT TO "674 INNOCENT VICTIMS OF TEUTONIC FURY."

Protests were made in the Berlin Press against the memorial unveiled at Dinant, on August 23, to its citizens shot by the Germans between August 14 and 23, 1914, and against the speeches made at the ceremony by the Duke of Brabant (the Belgian Crown Prince) and other speakers. Deprecating the "perpetuation of hatred and lies," the Germans contend that their troops at Dinant had been fired at by *francs-tireurs*, and urge an impartial inquiry. The inscription on the wall-tablet shown above refers to "the 674 innocent victims of Teutonic fury, of whom 116 met death here on 23 August, 1914." Another monument in the town, unveiled on the same occasion, is dedicated "To the 674 Dinant martyrs, innocent victims of German barbarity."

(Hutchinson; 21s.). The period is that of George II., before and after his accession, and the scene is laid largely at Leicester House and St. James's.

The most readable memoir, because of an element of mystery, concerns one who hardly comes into the category of the title. Hannah Lightfoot held no Court post, and Mr. Melville himself rejects the legend of a *liaison* between "the Fair Quaker" and the youthful Prince of Wales who became George III.

In trying to realise our country's past, as we travel about it, we often feel the need of more help than is given by the ordinary historian or topographer. It is difficult to call up realistic pictures from impersonal records. Such aid is provided by "HOME LIFE IN HISTORY": Social Life and Manners in Britain, 200 B.C.—A.D. 1926. By John Gloag and C. Thompson Walker. Illustrated by A. B. Read, A.R.C.A. (Benn; 12s. 6d.). Interwoven with the general narrative is the history of an imaginary family through the ages, presented mainly in a series of dramatic scenes. The story is picturesquely told, but I detect here and there, especially in the later chapters, some trace of partisanship, inappropriate to a work of this character.

Partisan feeling on social or political matters could scarcely arise in a book on prehistoric man, such as "EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE OLD STONE AGE." Written and illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Second edition, revised (Batsford; 5s.). Pleasantly written and excellently illustrated, this little book forms a useful introduction to



## Nature as a Painter of the Skies: Sunshine Through a Rainbow-Mist.

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"RAIN AMONG THE CLOUDS": A REMARKABLE SCREEN OF TRANSLUCENT JADE (1736-1795).

This really magnificent screen, made during the reign of the Emperor Kien-Lung (1736-1795), or possibly earlier, consists of a plain, but highly polished, translucent jade plaque, 16½ inches high by 12½ inches wide, resting in a pierced, heavily water-gilt bronze frame. In the surface of the plaque float exquisite emerald-green and lilac clouds, giving the effect, when viewed against the light, of the sun shining through rainbow-tinted mist: hence the name given to it by the Chinese, whose four-character inscription on it may be rendered in English

as "Rain among the Clouds." The stand is a superb example of eighteenth-century Chinese bronze-work, and, although of great weight, the pierced panels of bats (the Taoist symbol of happiness) amongst clouds give an effect of airy lightness. The central panel is bordered by narrow friezes carved in low relief with the attributes of the eight Taoist immortals. The whole screen is supported on two lions of Buddha couchant, with a paw resting on a pierced ball of brocade.



## The Bourne of Every Pilgrim to London.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHESNEY BONESTELL. (COPYRIGHTED)



### "THE VALHALLA OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE": WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster Abbey is ever a place of pilgrimage, not only to the Londoner, but to the stranger within our gates, and especially at this season of the year, when London is thronged by foreign visitors. Its traditions are well epitomised in "Westminster Abbey" (Dent), by Beatrice Home, who writes: "It is the premier historical monument in the country,

on account of its unique position as the coronation-church of all the English monarchs save one since Harold, and as the favourite place of sepulture of the royal line until the eighteenth century was half spent. . . . It enshrines the remains of many of the noblest in our island's history, so that it has become . . . truly the Valhalla of the British People."

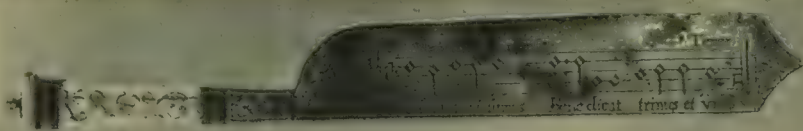


## MADE WHEN MOST PEOPLE USED FINGERS: ANTIQUE KNIVES AND FORKS.

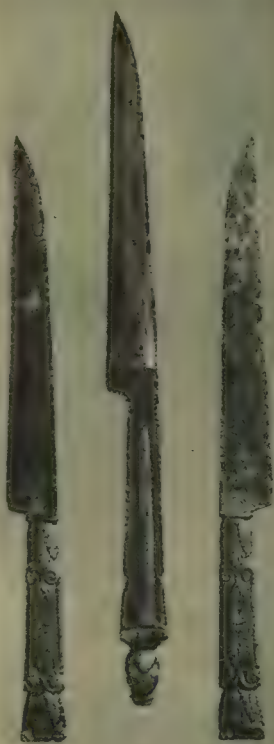
REPRODUCED FROM "KNIVES AND FORKS." SELECTED AND DESCRIBED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY MAJOR C. T. P. BAILEY, OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, THE MEDICI SOCIETY. NO. 8 FROM OBJECTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM; NO. 9 IN LIEUT.-COL. E. A. BELFORD'S COLLECTION; AND THE REST IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



1. A RICH BRIDE'S DOWER IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A PAIR OF WEDDING KNIVES FROM THE NETHERLANDS, WITH ENGRAVED SILVER HANDLES BEARING HER NAME, MAGDALENA WILLIARTS, AND THE DATE, 1631.



2. WITH THE TENOR PART OF GRACES TO BE SUNG BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT ETCHED ON THE BLADE: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN KNIFE—THE HANDLE OF ENGRAVED IVORY, EBONY, AND BRASS.



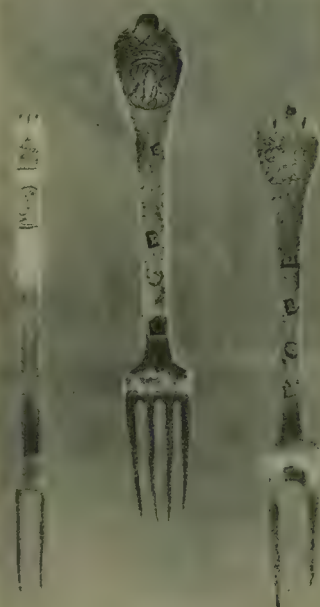
3. THREE KNIVES WITH HANDLES FITTING INTO ONE ANOTHER: A DEVICE FOR CONVENIENCE IN TRAVELLING. (FRENCH, 16TH CENT.)



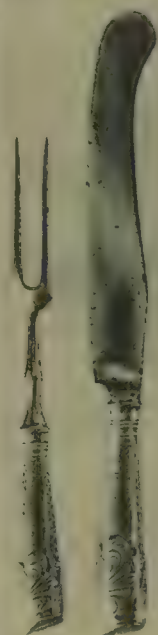
4. FOLDING FORKS OF ENGRAVED SILVER COMBINED WITH SPOONS AND TOOTHPICKS, TO OCCUPY LESS SPACE IN TRAVELLING: (LEFT) FLEMISH (?), C. 1600, WITH TOOLED AND GILT LEATHER CASE; (RIGHT) GENOA, 1592.



5. USED WHEN INNS HAD NO CUTLERY: A 17TH-CENT. VENETIAN CASE (TOOLED AND GILT LEATHER) FOR THREE KNIVES AND A FORK.



6. THE EARLIEST KNOWN ENGLISH SILVER FORK: ONE DATED 1632 (L.), WITH OTHERS OF 1681 (CENTRE) AND 1690 (R.).



7. WITH BLADE-END ROUNDED FOR EATING PEAS: AN 18TH-CENT. ENGLISH TABLE KNIFE AND FORK. (1779-80.)



8. MADE FOR JOHN THE INTREPID, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, ABOUT 1404: A CARVING KNIFE AND TABLE KNIFE WITH SILVER-GILT AND ENAMEL HANDLES.



9. TAKEN AMONG PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S BAGGAGE AFTER CULLODEN: ENGLISH 18TH-CENTURY AGATE-HANDLED KNIFE AND FORK.



10. GERMAN 17TH-CENT. KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON WITH HANDLES OF ROCK-CRYSTAL AND SILVER: A SET MADE WHEN SUCH THINGS WERE RARE.

Until the eighteenth century, most people ate with their fingers, and table knives and forks were luxuries used only by the rich. The owner would take them with him when travelling, as they were not provided at inns; and, to reduce the space they occupied in his baggage, various devices were employed to make them pack into a small case, such as folding hinges, and handles slotted to fit into each other. Such private table cutlery was made of the costliest materials and the finest artistic workmanship. Major Bailey, whose book, named above, is the first one on the subject in English, writes: "Italian grace knives (No. 2 above) of the sixteenth century were made in sets with specially broad blades, on which were etched the various parts of the graces to be sung before and after meat; they thus served the double purpose of table-knives and music-sheets. . . . Another

interesting usage during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries was that of dowering brides among the wealthy with so-called wedding knives (No. 1), and in some cases forks, which were worn at the girdle in a richly decorated sheath. . . . Forks used with knives at table did not find their way to England until the early part of the seventeenth century, although they appear to have been so used in Italy at a considerably earlier date. When the use of the fork became general, the pointed knife was not needed for spiking the food, and from the latter part of the seventeenth century onwards we find most of the knives with rounded ends. During the eighteenth century the blades were curved and widened at the ends (No. 7), for eating peas and similar food likely to slip through the wide-pronged fork." Major Bailey's book will be reviewed in a later issue.



## HOLLAND FROM THE AIR: A PATTERNED



1. A HAPPY TILTING GROUND FOR DON QUIXOTE: WINDMILLS GALORE NEAR KINDERDYK—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF DUTCH CANAL AND POLDER LANDSCAPE.



3. A HISTORIC TWELFTH-CENTURY DUTCH CASTLE: MULDERSLLOT, NEAR WHICH COUNT FLORUS V. WAS MURDERED (1296) AND WHERE THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POET, HOOFT, WAS CUSTODIAN.



5. TYPICAL DUTCH POLDER SCENERY. A NEARER VIEW OF THREE OF THE WINDMILLS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION NO. 1. AT KINDERDYK, WHERE THE MOOD JOINS THE MEUSE.



2. LIKE A COUNTRY UNDER FLOODS THAT HAVE BECOME PERMANENT: DUTCH SCENERY AT REENWIGSCHE PLASSEN, WITH ISLAND FARMSTEADS AND ROADS ALONG WATER-GRIT CAUSEWAYS.



4. SCENE OF A FAMOUS STRATAGEM IN 1570: BREDA—SHOWING THE SPANISH GATE, THROUGH WHICH DUTCH SOLDIERS HIDDEN IN A PEAT-BARGE ATTACKED AND CAPTURED THE SPANISH GARRISON.



6. FAMOUS DUTCH NURSERY GARDENS AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A REMARKABLE VIEW OF BOSKHOOP, WITH ITS LONG LINES OF PARALLEL PLOTS DIVIDED BY CANALS.

## LAND OF POLDERS AND WATERWAYS, ISLANDED TOWNS, AND MOATED CASTLES.



7. PATTERNED LIKE A TWIMBLED TORTOISE AMID THE SURROUNDING WATERWAYS: THE OLD FORTIFIED TOWN OF NAARDEN. THE SCENE OF A TREACHEROUS MASSACRE BY THE SPANIARDS UNDER DON FREDERIC IN 1572.



8. LANDSCAPE GARDENING IN A MOSAIC STYLE: CASTLE ROOSEDAAL (NEAR ARNHEM), STANDING AMID A WIDE MOAT IN THE CENTRE OF A PATTERNED SQUARE OF ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS, EMBOWEED IN WOODS ON EVERY SIDE.



carried to Muldersloot, whereupon his subjects collected ships and attacked the castle. Fibius was then removed on horseback, bound and gagged, by his enemies, who, meeting a rescue party on the way to Naarden, murdered him and fled. In the seventeenth century, the poet and historian, Peter Cornelissen Hooft, was for some years custodian of the castle. Breda (No. 4) saw frequent fighting in the Dutch War of Independence (1568-1648) against Spain. In 1590 Prince Maurice recaptured the town by means of soldiers concealed in a peat-barge, which passed through what is known as the Spaniards' Gate, and killed the Spanish garrison. The large building seen in the photograph is the Royal Military Academy. The picturesque old town of Naarden (No. 7) was the scene of a terrible massacre by the Spaniards under Don Frederic in 1572. According to one account, Naarden surrendered on a pledge by Frederic's envoy that the inhabitants should be spared, but, after the Spaniards had been hospitably entertained, they butchered nearly the whole population and destroyed the town.

The unique landscape of the Netherlands, with its countless water-ways and vast polders (tracts of reclaimed land), has been brought to mind of late in connection with the great engineering scheme, now in progress, for the reclamation of the Zuider Zee. This work (of which we gave some illustrations in our issue of May 14 last) will, when completed, add a large new piece of territory to Holland. The above photographs, taken from aeroplanes of the Dutch Air Line, the K.L.M., give an excellent idea of the general character of the country, along with unusual views of historic towns and buildings. A few additional notes on some of these latter may be of interest. Thus, Muldersloot (Mulder Castle), shown in No. 3, is a restored twelfth-century fortress. It was rebuilt in the thirteenth century by Count Florus V., who was a friend of our Edward I., and sent his son to the English Court as the King's prospective son-in-law. In 1296, however, Edward quarrelled with Florus, and instigated some of his nobles to kidnap him. He was seized while hawking near Utrecht, and





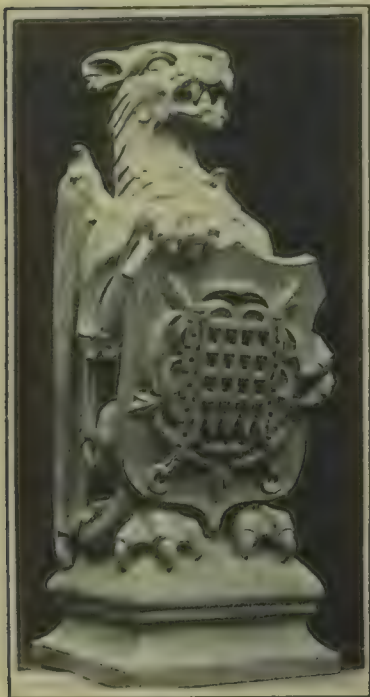
# THE KING'S BEASTS: AN INTERESTING RESTORATION AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



By HECTOR BOLITHO.

THE story of the heraldic beasts of St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle is older than the story of Columbus. The Southern hemisphere was a note of interrogation in the English mind when these symbols first surmounted the pinnacles of the Chapel: a company of stone animals silhouetted against the sky, dominating the Thames Valley almost five hundred years ago.

It was a different valley then. The new beasts



THE RED DRAGON, WITH A SHIELD BEARING A PORTCULLIS ON A YORK AND LANCASTER ROSE, AS SCULPTURED ON THE URSWICK SCREEN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: ONE OF THE NEW "KING'S BEASTS."

which have lately been restored to the Chapel (their forebears having disappeared with the ravages of time and the plans of restorers) stare out across the valley of new villas and bungalows with yellow walls and red roofs. At their feet, almost every hour of the day, a dozen charabancs emit their stream of tourists who climb the hill with guide-books and cameras. Very different this from the scene of a thousand years ago, when William the Conqueror climbed the hill and decided to build thereon a

wooden stronghold which would command the valley; very different from the scene as Gray found it when he wrote in the churchyard at Stoke Poges. His lowing herds are drowned by motor horns, and the ploughman who plodded his weary way across the fields has been superseded by the jerry-builder with his mushroom villas.

The story of the heraldic beasts is closely linked with the story of the Garter Chapel which they surmounted, as "the heraldic supporters or symbols selected and taken by the Tudor dynasty to illustrate the claim through both the rival Houses of York and Lancaster to be in direct lineal descent from Edward the Third, Founder of the Order of the Garter." For hundreds of years they stood in their lofty places, symbols to the eye, but also important adjuncts to the strength of the pinnacles, for they were necessary to add weight to the pedestals which strengthen the flying buttresses supporting the walls to carry the stone vaulting.

The actual character of these early beasts is not known in detail. They were removed according to the advice of Sir Christopher Wren, who reported: "The beasts on the west body of the Church which are all decayed (they were just 200 years old, having been set up by Bray for Henry VII. in 1485)—and by falling break the lead of the roof, might be taken off; and in lieu of them stone pineapples be added to coope the pinnacles, for the advantage it would give the fabric." The beasts were removed, but the architects and Chapter of the day did not carry out the latter part of Wren's advice. They did not add the stone pineapples necessary to strengthen the pinnacles, and much of the present restoration of the choir, costing about £100,000, is the result of that neglect, for the weakened buttresses further weakened the roof, every stone of which has been removed and examined and replaced in the past six years.

shown was Hollar's engraving, and in this the beasts were mere formless figures standing against the sky.

When the present restoration was started, the Chapter hugged the hope that the beasts should be added to the pedestals. They were a necessary but expensive feature of the magnificent Gothic structure. The late Mr. F. G. Minter came forward and offered the seventy-four beasts as a gift to the Chapel. It was a tremendous task, for it meant starting at the beginning, with no definite beasts to copy. Research, and experiment, carried out by Mr. Minter in conjunction with a great student and sculptor, Mr. Joseph Armitage, made the present restoration of the beasts possible. The modelling, together with the carving, of the beasts, was carried out in its entirety at the studios of Mr. Minter's firm at Putney.

One old record of the early building of the Castle contains this reference to the erection of heraldic beasts—

There is also a charge of £13 17s. 6d. for carve 6 Beasts Royall, viz., the Eagle conteynē 6 foote in length, the Lyon 5 foote 11 inches, the Antilop 5 ft. 6 in. di., the Greyhound 5 ft. 5 in. one q<sup>ter</sup>, The Gryffith, 5 ft. 4 in. 3 qrs., The Dragon w<sup>th</sup> his base, 13 ft. 4 in.; in all, 41 fo. di. 1 in. di., after the rate of 6s. 8d. the foote."

Against this modest charge of thirteen pounds for six beasts we have the figures of to-day, which show that the present beasts cost about sixty times as much as the early ones, erected some hundreds of years ago. But there is a guileless amusement in the matter-of-fact attitude towards sculptors of the day, when their work was measured as being worth "the rate of 6s. 8d. the foote."

The restoration of the beasts to the pinnacles is only part of the very extensive work which has



THE MOST DISCUSSED OF THE NEW "KING'S BEASTS": THE YALE (ONE OF WHOSE HORNS SOME THINK SHOULD POINT FORWARD) "WITH A SHIELD OF THE LADY MARGARET'S ARMS—FRANCE MODERN QUARTERED WITH THREE LEOPARDS WITHIN HER BORDURE."

There has lately been a little controversy over the yale's horns, one of which (some antiquaries contend) should point forward, and the other backward. The Yale (or jall) is a heraldic beast said to be identical with "the eale of Pliny." There is another example on the bridge at Hampton Court Palace, also with horns both pointing the same way.

restored the choir of the Chapel. For six years it has been hidden by a forest of scaffolding, but at last it has been reopened and its treasures restored to public appreciation. Within the Chapel there were bosses on the stone roof and Garter plates of the Knights to aid the sculptor in determining the form of the beasts which were to be erected outside. There were also beasts at Hampton Court, and records in the British Museum, which combined to help him in the truly wonderful series of supporters he has carved.

From a great distance, the beasts on the upper pinnacles dominate the skyline of the Castle, each carrying a gilded bronze pennon, about seventy feet from the ground. These pennons flash brilliantly in sunshine, and can be seen from most of the villages around. On the lower pinnacles, the beasts appear in slightly different form. They are in a sitting position, each bearing the appropriate shield of arms, as shown in the photographs. The lower pinnacles lift the beasts 44 ft. from the ground.

Except for the addition of the beasts and the placing of buttresses to strengthen the transepts, no changes have been made on the exterior of the Chapel. Even the occasional new stone is already responding to the weather and assuming the mellow colouring of the rest of the fabric. Within the Chapel, the wonderful stone vaulting is rich and awe-inspiring. Every stone of the vast roof has been examined and the bosses have been cleaned. One of the additions to the interest of the interior is the tomb of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. This lies in the first bay on the south of the altar, and is a conventional monument, with a base in black marble, gilt, and green stone, with the figures of the King and Queen lying on the top.

The oak closet built for Katherine of Aragon, which dominates the north wall of the choir, is much richer since the wood has been cleaned of unnecessary varnish and paint which covered it for many years. Now the true texture of the old oak is visible. The only other important modification is on the south side of the choir, where the tombstone of Henry VI. has been moved several feet, so that it now covers his actual grave. No elaborate Garter ceremony will be held in the Chapel until the nave is finished, a work which will cost about £50,000, and take, perhaps, two or three years.

The casual visitor to Windsor must first be impressed by the heraldic beasts of the Tudors, adding such a picturesque note to the outline of the Chapel. The sculptor has resigned himself completely to the Gothic character, and the actual carving melts very perfectly into the spirit of the ancient building. During this year, while the Court has been at Windsor, both King and Commoner have walked by the Chapel, looking up to appreciate the restored symbols of the Tudor dynasty, which stands out so dramatically in the story of Windsor Castle, the oldest Royal Palace in the world still used by the King who is the living representative of the unbroken line of a thousand years of monarchs who have chosen Windsor as their home.



THE PANTHER FOR HENRY VI. (1422-61), FOUNDER OF ETON COLLEGE, WITH A SHIELD BEARING THE ARMS OF ETON: ONE OF THE NEW "KING'S BEASTS" ON ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



# THE NEW "KING'S BEASTS" AT WINDSOR:

TUDOR EMBLEMS RESTORED  
ON ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



THE WHITE FALCON, SUPPORTING A SHIELD WITH  
THREE LEOPARDS, FOR KING EDWARD III.



THE WHITE HART, SUPPORTING A SHIELD WITH  
FIVE PLANTA GENISTA PEASCODS, FOR RICHARD II.



THE CROWNED LION, SUPPORTING A SHIELD WITH  
THREE LEOPARDS, FOR KING EDWARD III.



THE BLACK DRAGON, WITH SHIELD BEARING A RED  
CROSS ON GOLD—THE BURGH AND ULSTER ARMS.



THE WHITE GREYHOUND, SUPPORTING A SHIELD  
WITH THE ARMS OF NEVILL—GULES; A SALTIRE  
ARGENT.



THE WHITE LION, SUPPORTING A SHIELD WITH  
THE MORTIMER ARMS—OVER ALL AN INESCUTCHEON  
ARGENT.



THE WHITE SWAN WITH A SHIELD OF THE BOHUN  
ARMS (SIX LYONCELS RAMPANT) FOR HENRY IV.



THE WHITE ANTELOPE OF BOHUN, "WITH SHIELD  
FRANCE ANCIENT QUARTERED WITH THREE LEO-  
PARDS FOR HENRY V."



THE BLACK BULL, SUPPORTING A SHIELD  
WITH WHITE ROSE RAYED IN GLORY, FOR  
KING EDWARD IV.

One of the most interesting features of the restoration work on St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, is the new set of heraldic "King's Beasts" now placed in position on the exterior. As explained in Mr. Hector Bolitho's article on the opposite page, the original beasts were set up by Henry VII. in 1485, as emblems chosen by the Tudor dynasty to illustrate their claim to be in direct lineal descent from Edward III., founder of the Order of the Garter, through both the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The original figures, which had decayed, were

removed in 1682 by Sir Christopher Wren. The new beasts (seventy-four in all) are the work of the well-known sculptor Mr. Joseph Armitage, and the expense (said to have been £11,000) was defrayed by the late Mr. F. G. Minter. The figures are placed on the chapel in two rows. Those on the upper pinnacles, bearing pennons, lend a new and picturesque touch to the sky-line of the Castle. Those on the lower level, as illustrated on this and the opposite page, support stone shields bearing coats of arms appropriate to various members of the Tudor line.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## "POTIPHAR'S WIFE"—THE PLAY, ITS ETHICS, AND ITS ACTORS.

WHEN I came back to town from the delightful peace and nature's glory of South Devon, I found—in violent contrast—the World of the Theatre in turmoil about Mr. Middleton's play. Columns *pro* and *con*, mostly *con*, in some papers; vivid discussions in the club; and constant buttonholing of the critic with "and what do you say about the pyjamas?" which I could not answer. So I hied

between a gentleman and an orange-girl (e.g., Charles II. and Nell Gwynne)—in fact, we tolerate a man's entanglements with all sorts and conditions of women. But we should demur at a lady of quality having an affair with a costermonger. It is an almost indefinable distinction, but common to the mental attitude of us all. Had Lady Aylesbrough played Mrs. Potiphar to her husband's secretary—let it pass; but a chauffeur,

and a chauffeur, too, in the gilt-buttoned livery of his calling—somehow it riles, it hurts, it repels. That is, in a nutshell, the cause of all this pother.

Again, in the next act, there is a grave error of taste, when the visitor to the house, a so-called friend of Lady A., has advised the husband to call in the police to take action after the nocturnal uproar, and openly and shamelessly insinuates that Lady A. enticed the servant to her room.

That may be an act of rancour of an aspiring lover who laid siege but was defeated, but it was an incredibly caddish act on the part of a person moving in society. Such abominable conduct would be inconceivable in such surroundings—the like of it is not to be found in the chronicles of the Divorce-Court. This character cast a pall not only over the second act, but also on the final scenes of the

according to temperament, as I have beheld them numberless times in police and assize courts. Except one little detail—Lady A.'s remaining in court while her examination is interrupted by the interpellation of another witness—the trial was conducted as if it were the real thing: the witnesses did actually try, but vainly, to kiss the Book—a subtlety which always amuses students of criminology, and proves how minutely Mr. Middleton has observed the procedure.

Summing up my impressions, I would say that when the author wrote the play he had a definite aim. He knows what the public wants—what (alas!) is the taste of the majority—so he would give them what they are ready to pay for, reserving his higher efforts for tranquil achievement by the bountiful harvest of "sensation." Hence the duality of the play—the bed-room scene and all that leads to it to tickle the public palate; the trial scene to show what he can do if he likes—as it were in palliation of his artistic conscience. I wonder whether I am right, but my conviction is that we may expect fine work from Mr. Middleton. He is equipped.

As for the acting, I found it flawless. Miss de Casalis, in the rather invidious part of the wife, portrayed the weak, wayward, voluptuous woman in all her levity and sensuality; yet she was discreet, and marked the borderland between the "vamp" and the well-bred but ill-mated pleasure-seeker. Mr. Paul Cavanagh was admirable as the chauffeur; he had just the right touch of humility in the servant commingled with such pride as raises the man above his station. His yielding to the lady's irresistible kiss was an exquisite manifestation of tact, faltering, and regained self-control, and his last discussion with his master was a model of manly deportment and strength of character. Admirable, too, was Miss Martita Hunt as the guardian-angel friend, who fought and lied for Lady A. until the lash of the counsel broke her spirit. She is a personality of distinction; she has emotional power, latently restrained. One of these days she will leap to the front. As for Mr. Henry Oscar's advocacy, it was as superb as that of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall in his most trenchant, dominating, coaxing, or curt manner—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—a memorable creation of one who professes never to have been in a court of law. To him Mr. George Bealby was a capital foil as the imperious, gruff-voiced counsel for the Crown, fighting against odds, and bolstering up the weakness of his case by the sonorous accents with which he withered his victims in the box. As the cast is long, I must confine myself to the principals, but, particularly in the court-scene, every part was typical of the environment.



"FRESH FRUIT," AT THE COURT: A GROWN-UP DAUGHTER MASQUERADES AS A CHILD TO CONCEAL HER MOTHER'S AGE—(L. TO R.) MR. J. LESLIE FRITH AS HARRY BALDOCK, MISS MARIAN WILSON AS GENEVIÈVE, MISS HELEN HAYE AS CLAIRE (MOTHER OF GENEVIÈVE), MR. MORTON SELTEN AS VISCOUNT STEEPLE, AND MISS MARGARET SCUDAMORE AS LADY BALDOCK.

"Fresh Fruit" is a farcical comedy adapted from the French. Claire de Beauchamp, an adventuress angling for Lord Steeple and his millions, is disconcerted by the arrival of her twenty-two-year-old daughter, Geneviève, as likely to spoil her chances by giving away her age. Geneviève, however, who is a film actress, saves the situation—for a time—by masquerading as a little girl. A side issue is Geneviève's affair with Harry, son of Lady Baldock, who, as Lord Steeple's sister, objects to her brother marrying Claire. Complications arise when a film actor engaged to Geneviève turns up.

myself to the first matinée, and, as I tried to get in, I found a throng at the Globe unwonted since the palmy and peppery days of "Our Betters." Outside, despite the torrents from heaven, there were already encamped some scores of people who had found closed doors for the matinée and were now braving the elements and time in six hours' humid vigil. Inside, packed—people standing five deep in the pit. Such is the influence of the Press when it cries aloud in outraged morality!

When one's ears are ringing with controversy, it demands a certain effort to free the mind from all possible prejudice. The majority of my colleagues had condemned "Potiphar's Wife" as a bad play, while admitting a certain cleverness of dialogue; nearly all pronounced the by this time notorious bed-room scene "shocking," partly on account of ethics, partly because of Miss de Casalis's costume, which I understand had already been chastened. So I need not refer again to the pyjamas, which were quite respectable, such as any *élégante* might wear in "alcovic" intimacy. The first act was not good, sheer elaborate exposition in often specious palaver—and yet I felt at once that Mr. Middleton is a born playwright, that he has "the theatre" in his blood. Despite the obvious mechanism of the act, it held one's attention, for onward, from the scene between Lady Aylesbrough and her shielding friend Sylvia, who knew of the former's *penchant* for the handsome chauffeur, the perspective of things to come created a certain atmosphere of expectancy. And whatever the inward nature of the dialogue, it rippled along with ease. Then came the bed-room scene, and, though it was crude, it was, frankly, not more risky than similar episodes presented many a time in adaptations from the French and some English plays we all remember.

Personally, I dislike all such scenes, partly because I consider them degrading to the actress—that is why I hated "Fata Morgana." But the particular reason why this bed-room scene is disagreeable was less in the coaxing and allurements on the part of the temptress than in the status of the parties. I can best explain by comparison. We admit and tolerate a love-affair

between a gentleman and an orange-girl (e.g., Charles II. and Nell Gwynne)—in fact, we tolerate a man's entanglements with all sorts and conditions of women. But we should demur at a lady of quality having an affair with a costermonger. It is an almost indefinable distinction, but common to the mental attitude of us all. Had Lady Aylesbrough played Mrs. Potiphar to her husband's secretary—let it pass; but a chauffeur,

and a chauffeur, too, in the gilt-buttoned livery of his calling—somehow it riles, it hurts, it repels. That is, in a nutshell, the cause of all this pother. Again, in the next act, there is a grave error of taste, when the visitor to the house, a so-called friend of Lady A., has advised the husband to call in the police to take action after the nocturnal uproar, and openly and shamelessly insinuates that Lady A. enticed the servant to her room. That may be an act of rancour of an aspiring lover who laid siege but was defeated, but it was an incredibly caddish act on the part of a person moving in society. Such abominable conduct would be inconceivable in such surroundings—the like of it is not to be found in the chronicles of the Divorce-Court. This character cast a pall not only over the second act, but also on the final scenes of the play. A minor flaw, which probably would pass unnoticed among the general public, is the extraordinary behaviour of the detective called in to lay a charge of assault against the chauffeur. This quaint member of the Force behaves like a Grand Inquisitor, contrary to all the rules of the police code and its admirable axiom of inspiring reticence in an accused man lest his words might be used as "evidence against him."

Now, having said all this, I come to the great scene of the play—the trial—and here I have nothing but praise for the author. It is the redeeming feature, and, had he found ways and means to end on the collapse of the case, instead of elongating the play with a somewhat wearisome appendix, I believe that most of my colleagues would have been more appreciative. For this trial scene is without exception the most interesting and most realistic in all our drama. Technically, it is as correct as the trial in "Justice," and, if it is rather long, it never loses hold, because the pleadings and examinations by the advocates are so penetrating and vital, and because in the box the witnesses behaved



A NEW BARRIE CURTAIN-RAISER: "BARBARA'S WEDDING"—MR. ROBERT LORAINÉ AS THE COLONEL (RIGHT), MISS MAISIE DARRELL AS BARBARA, AND MR. HENRY OSCAR AS DERING, AT THE SAVOY.

Sir James Barrie's one-act play, "Barbara's Wedding," was produced for the first time on August 23, as a curtain-raiser to Strindberg's "The Father." It is an appealing war-time fantasy of whimsical pathos, and Mr. Robert Loraine gives a brilliant performance as the invalid Crimean veteran who confuses actualities with visions of the past. Sometimes (as here) he sees his former gardener, Dering, as he was in pre-war days, and Barbara as a sprightly young girl engaged to Billy (since killed in action). Actually, Dering has become a Captain and Barbara a Red Cross nurse, and the play concerns their wedding.



# CHINA'S "ALL SOULS' DAY": A "CHARON" AND BANDSMEN OF PAPER.



BRINGING HUNGRY GHOSTS FROM PURGATORY TO ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY OF THE PIOUS: A PAPER FERRY-BOAT. WITH A WHITE-ROBED FERRYMAN RECEIVING TOLL, FAIR DAMSELS TO GREET THE SPIRITS, AND AN ATTENDANT DEMON FROM HADES (ON THE LEFT)—A SCENE DURING THE ANCIENT KWEI CHIEH FESTIVAL HELD ANNUALLY IN PEKING.



A MILITARY BAND, MADE OF PAPER, WAITING TO ESCORT THE SOULS OF DEAD SOLDIERS THROUGH PURGATORY: A PICTURESQUE GROUP OF DUMMY FIGURES, AT PEKING, IN THE CHINESE MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL KNOWN TO FOREIGNERS AS "ALL SOULS' DAY," SAID TO HAVE BEEN INSTITUTED 2000 YEARS AGO.

Despite the turmoil of civil war, the Chinese, it seems, still observe their picturesque old-time customs. A descriptive note supplied with these photographs, recently to hand from Peking, says: "The Kwei Chieh Festival, or Chinese 'All Souls' Commemoration Day,' originated during the Han Dynasty (B.C. 206 to A.D. 221), when a statesman named K'ung Ming advised his sovereign, King Liu, to declare war on a neighbouring state. The heavy losses incurred during the struggle preyed on the mind of K'ung Ming; so, to ease his conscience and recompense the dead warriors, it became the custom to launch on rivers and lakes paper boats containing salt, wine, and paper money for the use of the departed. The upper photograph shows a paper

ferry-boat with its attendant devil from Hades in the prow. Beside him, in white, is the ferryman, who receives toll (in paper and silver money), while beauteous damsels wait to greet the departed spirits. The lower photograph shows a military band waiting to escort the dead soldiers through Purgatory." In "Myths and Legends of China" (Harrap), Mr. E. T. C. Werner writes: "The fifteenth day of the eighth moon is the Mid-Autumn Festival, known by foreigners as All Souls' Day. On this occasion the women worship the moon, offering cakes, fruit, etc. The gates of Purgatory are opened, and the hungry ghosts troop forth to enjoy themselves for a month on the good things provided for them by the pious."



# "MAKE 'EM PICTER FASHION BELONGA DIM DIM": THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE MONTH ON A PACIFIC ISLAND.

DRAWN BY ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 382.) (COPYRIGHTED.)

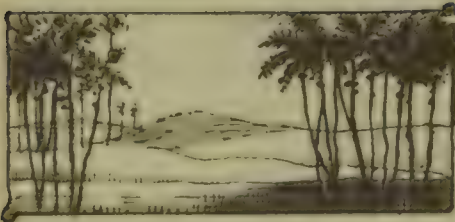


"THE FASHION ITEM WAS A SUBJECT OF CONSIDERABLE CURIOSITY TO THESE COFFEE-COLOURED BELLES": A FILM AUDIENCE OF DUSKY PAPUANS IN ALL THEIR NATIVE FINERY.

"In Samarai, that enchanting isle of far Papua," writes Mr. Ellis Silas in his article on page 382, "the cinema is the event of the month, and intense is the excitement which prevails in native society on 'this one feller night make 'em picture.' It is a great occasion. Frizzy mops are teased out with wooden combs, bodies are re-anointed with coconut oil, and treasured gewgaws are brought out and worn with pride. Both sexes vie with each other in their floral adornments. This animated throng is composed of many types. There are Motuans from the Central Division with enormous haloes of frizzy hair, natives from the adjacent islands of Sariba and Rogeia, with their large mops of hair cut at the sides, giving their heads an oblong, almost cylindrical appearance; there

are refined types and coarse types, light-skinned and dark of hue. . . . The show is held in a small iron shed at the back of a store. In the rear are a few deck-chairs for the use of Europeans, but the main part is without seats. There is one striking difference between this audience and that of civilised peoples, for, whereas in our country the ladies seem to wear less in the evening than in the day-time, these dark-skinned maidens reverse the process, and artistically drape their nude bodies with gorgeous calicoes. The fashion item of the Pathé Gazette was a subject of considerable curiosity to these coffee-coloured belles. . . . When the show is over, these primeval people of a remote world will talk in modulated voices of 'Make 'em picter fashion belonga Dim Dim' (white people)."





## At "The Pictures" in the South Seas: A PAPUAN FILM AUDIENCE IN THE ENCHANTING ISLE OF SAMARAI.

By ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S. (See Double-page Drawing in this Number.)

IN Samarai, that enchanting isle of far Papua, the cinema is the event of the month, and intense is the excitement which prevails in native society on "this one feller night make 'em picture," when the nine o'clock tattoo on the drum, which warns all cook-boys and other natives to return to their compounds or crazy schooners, is postponed for an hour. It is a great occasion. Frizzy mops are teased out with wooden combs, bodies are re-anointed with coconut-oil, and treasured gewgaws are brought out and worn with pride. With much thought and painstaking care, wreaths of scented flowers are tastefully arranged on raven heads, and both sexes vie with each other in their floral adornments. On this night "trade" mirrors are at a premium, and charming Samarai is denuded of its flora by this dusky audience.

Long before the doors are opened, these excited, happy people are promenading the palm-clustered road. The animated throng is composed of many types, some from the remotest corners of the territory. There are Motuans from the Central Division, with enormous haloes of frizzy hair; natives from the adjacent islands of Sariba and Rogeia, with their large mops of hair cut at the sides, giving their heads an oblong, almost cylindrical appearance; there are refined types and coarse types, light-skinned and dark of hue—but anticipation of the pleasure to come lights the faces of one and all. Strutting youths distend their broad chests, proud in the glory of new calicoes and swagger cane; sinuous maids, both coy and bold, in all the ravishments of new banana-leaf skirts and flowers rioting through their hair, abandon themselves to a delirium of pleasure manifested fully in entire freedom. Their insinuating coquetry and nonchalant display of grace are expressed with a piquant and charming *naïveté*; while susceptible youths, fortified with the bravery of their luxuriant plumage and ornate embellishments, seek to parry the advances of these enamoured and mischievous maidens with ostentatious swagger, only to succumb to the blandishments of those sparkling eyes.

The show is held in a small iron shed at the back of a store. The interior decorations are as simple as they are unobtrusive—they are, in fact, a negligible quantity, unless calaminated walls, faded by the rigours of a tropical climate, may be said to possess an æsthetic value. In the rear of the shed are a few deck chairs for the use of Europeans, but the main part is without seats, for the Papuans prefer the latitude of space to the confinement of artificial restrictions: it is a characteristic of their temperament. The orchestra is the last word in economy, inasmuch as the raucous strains of a worn-out gramophone fulfil the purpose.

Punctuality is an unknown virtue in this country, but at last the doors swing open, and immediately the shed is crowded with its strange audience. They present their entrance-fee of sixpence with the arrogance and grace of Indian princes; and well might this be so, since sixpence is a large proportion of their income. They seat themselves on the floor, dividing into separate parties: parents with their quaint, winsome children; boys with their sweethearts, or without—or with the other man's.

There is one striking difference between this audience and that of civilised peoples; for whereas in our country the ladies seem to wear less in the evening than in the daytime, these dark-skinned maidens reverse the process and artistically drape their nude bodies with gorgeous calicoes. The shed resounded with their excited, noisy chatter, quips,

and badinage, while smoke from cigarettes of trade tobacco, rolled in newspaper, filled the tepid atmosphere with its pungent vapour, mingling with the faint scent of blossoms and odour of coconut-oil.



A MOTUAN BEAUTY WITH HER "ENORMOUS HALO OF FRIZZY HAIR": ONE OF THE MANY TYPES ATTRACTED TO THE CINEMA IN SAMARAI.

Drawings by Ellis Silas, F.R.G.S. (See also pages 380-381.)

had considerably mutilated the plot. Nevertheless, within limits, they could follow the play, since dramatic art is not unknown to the Papuans; it is an important feature of some of their dances, and, with the Morea-ipi tribes of the Gulf Division in particular, plays based upon their mythological tales and scenes from their tribal life are performed. In this instance the *dramatis personæ* are aged women whose histrionic powers are considerably above the average, and their performance is a thing to be remembered.

Unquestionably, the cinema appeals to the Papuan imagination, a fact which is strikingly evinced by a dumb native of Port Moresby (Papua's other white settlement), who, with the assistance of a few properties, with inimitable mimicry portrays the gestures and peculiar mannerisms of the entire cast in a film he has witnessed on the previous night, acting whole scenes.

The marvels of the white man's inventive genius do not startle the Papuan; although he might be mildly curious, he rarely displays surprise. If you ask him what he thinks of the wonders of wireless or motors, he will usually remark; "Oh, fashion belonga Dim Dim (white people)." These are matters beyond his understanding, and, as they do not appeal to his superstitious imagination, they do not create wonderment. I am convinced that, if he were told that these inventions, instead of being the production of mere mortals like himself, were the works of sorcerers, he would hold them in fear and awe. As it is, the means by which a living world is projected upon a plain sheet cause him no astonishment. It is the play itself that quickens his interest.

As the Papuan is of a naturally humorous temperament, it was the farcical episodes that made the principal appeal, though more often than not this primitive audience discovered humour in the most dramatic situations; scenes that were intended to hold breathless interest only provoked their mirth the more. A struggle between the villain and the hero kindled their emotions to fever pitch, and the victor was acclaimed with thunderous applause; but when the antics of Charlie Chaplin were flashed on the screen their excitement overstepped all bounds; every incident was punctuated with cat-calls, shrill whistling, and unrestrained laughter.

The beauty of the film stars held them enthralled, since, although the Papuans possess their own standard of beauty, they manifest a nice judgment in these matters, and are very sensible of the grace and comeliness of an attractive European woman. The fashion item of the Pathé Gazette was a subject of considerable curiosity to these coffee-coloured belles, and doubtless there were many there this night making mental notes for future reference.

As I looked at this vivacious audience, so entirely abandoned to the joy of the moment, I found it difficult to realise that some of them had but recently come from their grim fastnesses of the hinterland; where, in all probability, they had participated in head-hunting and cannibalistic orgies.

Once more the wrinkled sheet is bare of other lands and people; the boisterous, happy throng have dispersed their several ways, leaving in their trail broken blossoms and crumpled leaves; and, while Samarai slumbers

under the velvet sky of this languorous night, in boy-house and on schooner, these primeval people of a remote world will talk in modulated voices of "Make 'em picter fashion belonga Dim Dim."



"ON THIS NIGHT 'TRADE' MIRRORS ARE AT A PREMIUM": A DUSKY BELLE, OF SAMARAI BEDECKING HERSELF TO GO TO "THE PICTURES."

The native audience at the cinema in Samarai is illustrated in a double-page drawing in this number.

Did they understand the films, these pictures of a strange people in a strange country of which they knew nothing? Naturally, the sub-titles were incomprehensible to them, and stringent censorship



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.



MECHANISED WARFARE IN CHINA: TANKS OF THE ANKUOCHUN (NORTHERN) ARMY ADVANCING, WITH INFANTRY SUPPORT, UNDER SHELL-FIRE FROM THE ARTILLERY OF FENG YU-HSIANG (THE "CHRISTIAN" GENERAL) IN HONAN.



A DISASTROUS BUILDING COLLAPSE IN CHINA: DÉBRIS OF A LARGE NATIVE MARKET SHELTER AT SHANGHAI, THE FALL OF WHOSE HEAVY TILED ROOF KILLED 33 CHINESE AND INJURED 150.



THE "ZOO'S" NEW ATTRACTION: ONE OF THE TINY BUT PUGNACIOUS HUMMING-BIRDS FROM COSTA RICA.



THE GERMAN EQUIVALENT OF OUR ARMY EXERCISES (ILLUSTRATED ON PAGES 361-363): REICHSWEHR MANŒUVRES—RIVER TRANSPORT BY PONTOON, WITH HORSES SWIMMING ALONGSIDE, ON THE SAALE, NEAR DESSAU.



AFTER THE FALL OF 20,000 TONS OF CLIFF AT CROMER, CARRYING AWAY MARL POINT AND MAKING THE FOOTPATH TO THE LIGHTHOUSE IMPASSABLE: THE DÉBRIS.

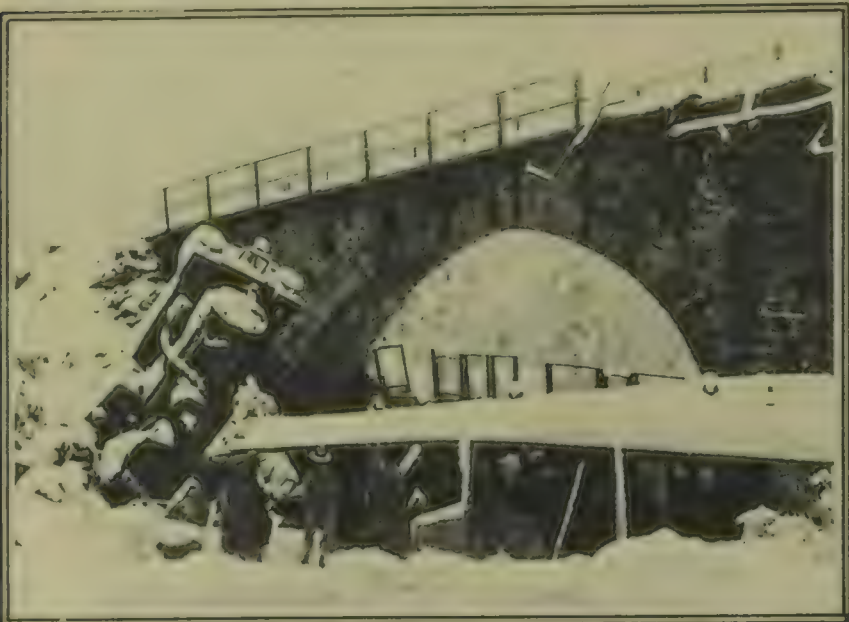
It is interesting to compare the tanks in the Chinese Civil War, as shown above, with those of our own Mechanised Force illustrated in this number (pages 362-363). The Chinese tanks belong to the Northerners, headed by Chang Tso-lin, and are seen in action against the forces of Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian" General, who was recently reported to have forsaken the Bolshevik cause. On August 22 Feng's son, who is a student in Moscow, was said to have denounced his father as an enemy equally with Chang Tso-lin and Chiang Kai-shek. The Northern campaign against Feng, however, continued.—In the Chinese city at Shanghai, on August 9, a great open shelter 450 ft. long, with a heavy tiled roof, suddenly collapsed, killing 33 people and injuring 150. It was close to the French Con-



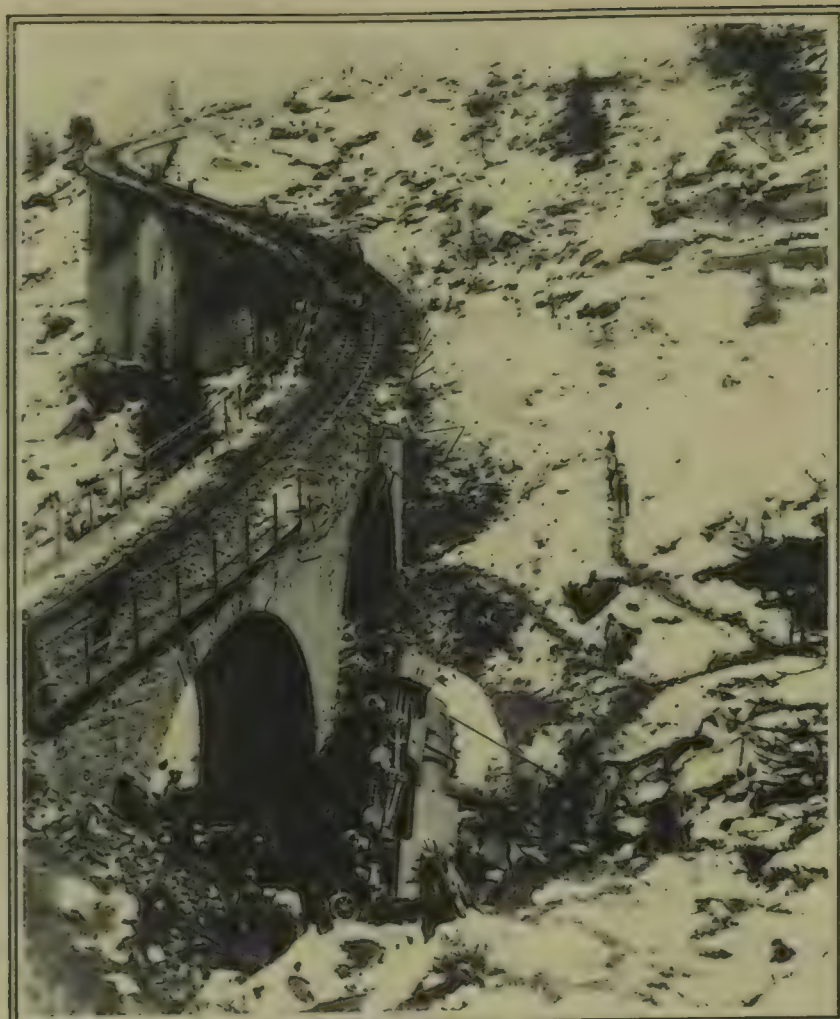
THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE: HIS HIGHNESS IN DURBAR WHILE SIR PUTTANA CHETTY (STANDING, LEFT) READS THE PEOPLE'S ADDRESS. cession and was used as a public market.—At the "Zoo" seventeen humming-birds from Costa Rica, presented by Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, were recently installed in the Insect House, with special heating and electric light. They are very delicate creatures, but extremely pugnacious among themselves.—At Cromer, just before dawn on Sunday, August 28, over 20,000 tons of cliff fell to the beach. Later, about seventy tons more fell, and some children had a narrow escape.—The Maharajah of Mysore, who succeeded under the regency of his mother in 1895, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his majority on August 8. Many prisoners were pardoned and released. The Maharajah is very popular, and there was universal rejoicing in the State.



## A WEEK OF CALAMITY: RAILWAY AND OTHER DISASTERS.



THE ALPINE RAILWAY DISASTER IN WHICH TWENTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED, INCLUDING TWO ENGLISH GIRLS: THE ENGINE AND WRECKED COACH FALLEN FROM THE VIADUCT.



THE SCENE OF THE ALPINE DISASTER: THE CHAMONIX-MONTANVERT MOUNTAIN RAILWAY—SHOWING THE ENGINE AND FIRST COACH IN THE RAVINE, AND THE CURVE WHERE THEY FELL.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION AT THE MANCHESTER GAS-WORKS: THE WRECKED TOP OF ONE OF THE LARGE GASOMETERS THAT BLEW UP, INJURING TWENTY PEOPLE.



A DISASTER IN WHICH TWELVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND A LARGE NUMBER INJURED: THE ENGINE OF THE DEAL EXPRESS OVERTURNED AFTER PASSING THROUGH AND COLLIDING WITH THE BRIDGE.



THE WRECK OF THE DEAL EXPRESS NEAR SEVENOAKS: A PULLMAN CAR—THE FOURTH COACH OF THE TRAIN—THROWN BROADSIDE-ON AGAINST THE BRIDGE AND ACROSS BOTH TRACKS.



A SWISS RESORT ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA DEVASTATED BY A TORRENT FOR THE SECOND TIME WITHIN A FEW WEEKS: A SCENE AT MONTREUX, WITH MASSES OF BOULDERS CARRIED DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

Within the past week or so one disaster has followed another, at home and abroad. On August 24 the 5 p.m. express from Cannon Street to Deal, on the Southern Railway, was derailed while going at fifty-seven miles an hour at Riverhead Bridge, near Sevenoaks. Twelve people were killed and many more injured. The worst havoc among the passengers was in the third coach, which was smashed to pieces under the bridge. The next coach, a Pullman, was thrown broadside-on against the bridge, and across both sets of metals. The cause of the accident (at the time of writing) has not been fully decided.—In the Alps, on August 25, a

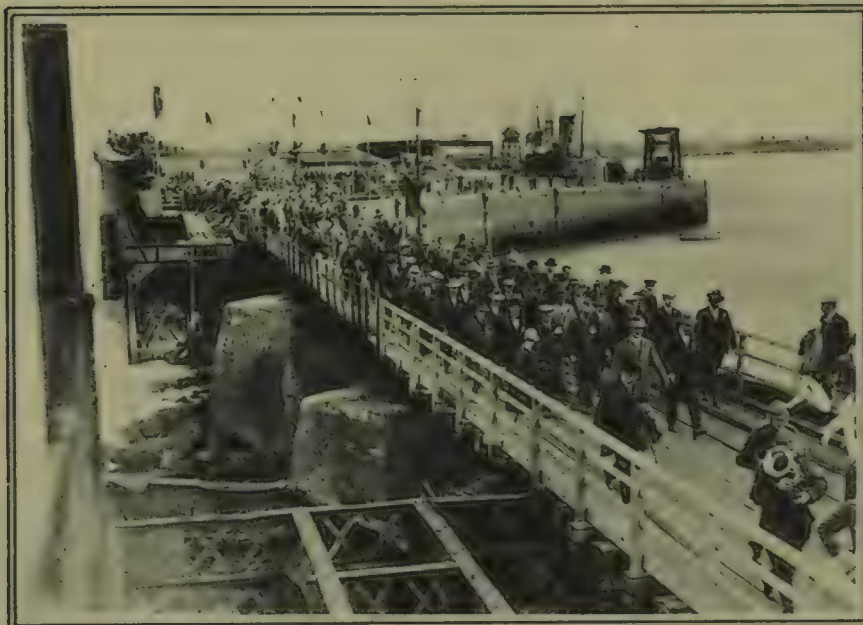
disaster involving still more loss of life occurred on the mountain railway from Chamonix to the Mer-de-Glace at Montanvert. A train descending got out of control, and the engine and first coach left the rails at full speed at a curve on the viaduct and plunged into a ravine. Of fifty-four people in the coach, twenty were killed (including two English girls), and only six escaped injury. The second coach (containing sixty) was saved by the conductor, who detached it and applied the brakes.—At Manchester, on August 23, two gasometers at the Corporation Gas-Works blew up in rapid succession, and over twenty people were injured.



IN HONOUR  
OF MANY  
HEROIC DEEDS :  
WAR MEMORIALS  
AND CEREMONIES  
OF  
COMMEMORATION  
AT HOME  
AND ABROAD.



THE ZEEBRUGGE EXPLOIT OF SUBMARINE "C3," ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1918, COMMEMORATED ON THE ACTUAL SPOT: THE SCENE AFTER THE UNVEILING, BY FOUR SURVIVORS, OF A MEMORIAL TABLET (CENTRE BACKGROUND) PLACED ON THE VIADUCT CONNECTING THE MOLE WITH THE MAINLAND, AT THE POINT BELOW WHICH THE VESSEL WAS BLOWN UP.



THE PROCESSION ALONG ZEEBRUGGE MOLE ON THE OCCASION OF THE "C3" MEMORIAL UNVEILING: A PARTY INCLUDING FOUR MEMBERS OF THE CREW AND FORTY OTHER BRITISH SAILORS WHO TOOK PART IN THE RAID.



COMMEMORATING SCOTSMEN IN THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, AT THE KING'S DESIRE: A COLOUR PARTY CARRYING THE UNION STANDARD OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (THE BLUES) INTO THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.



"A TRIBUTE FROM MEN OF SCOTTISH BLOOD AND SYMPATHIES IN AMERICA TO SCOTLAND": ONE HALF OF THE 25-FOOT FRIEZE (REPRESENTING SCOTLAND'S RESPONSE TO THE CALL TO ARMS)—PART OF AN AMERICAN MEMORIAL TO SCOTSMEN WHO FELL IN THE WAR, TO BE UNVEILED BY THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR.

The heroism of the crew of Submarine "C3," blown up in the Zeebrugge Raid of April 23, 1918, to breach the viaduct joining the Mole to the mainland, was commemorated on August 28 by the unveiling of a memorial tablet. It is placed on the repaired viaduct immediately above the scene of the explosion, and was unveiled by four survivors of the crew of six.—At Edinburgh Castle, on August 29, by the express desire of the King, the Union Standard of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) was placed in the Scottish National War Memorial. The colour party, consisting of four corporal-majors, was saluted at the entrance to the shrine by a guard of honour of the 1st Batt. Royal Scots. Many Scotsmen enlisted in the Household Cavalry, and the Standard commemorates those who

fell in the war.—Edinburgh has also a beautiful War Memorial (erected by Scottish Americans), which the United States Ambassador, Mr. A. B. Houghton, has arranged to unveil on September 7. The main feature is a bronze figure of a kilted soldier, on a pedestal inscribed "The 'Call' 1914." On a wall behind is a frieze, 25 ft. long by 4 ft. high, illustrating the response of Scotsmen to the Call to Arms, with an inscription from a poem by the late Lieut. E. A. McIntosh (Seaforth Highlanders), who fell in 1916—"If it be life that waits, I shall live forever unconquered. If death, I shall die at last, strong in my pride and free." The idea of the memorial originated with the late Mr. John Gordon Gray when, in 1923, he entertained at Philadelphia Col. Walter Donald Cameron of Lochiel.



# ANIMALS AND BIRDS IN A TEMPER: A UNIQUE SERIES OF STUDIES IN FEROCITY AT THE "ZOO."



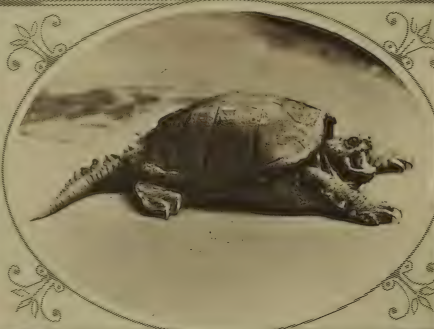
WHEN THE BABY LEOPARD REFUSES TO DO AS IT IS TOLD, IT IS SAFER NOT TO ATTEMPT CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.



THE CARACAL (PERSIAN LYNX) IS A HIGHLY NERVOUS ANIMAL, AND ITS ANGRY GREETING IS PROBABLY DUE TO APPREHENSION.



THE GREAT EAGLE OWL IS AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER TO QUARREL WITH, AS HE IS CONSCIOUS OF HAVING VERY SHARP TALONS.



THE SNAPPING TURTLE IS ALWAYS READY AND WILLING TO SNAP, BESIDES HAVING SOME VERY FORMIDABLE CLAWS.



THE NORTHERN LYNX BLOWS OUT HIS WHISKERS WITH RAGE, AND AT THE SAME TIME, HUNG LIKE A DYNAMO.



WHEN THE BABY LYNX IS CROSS, HE HALF-CLOSES HIS EYES, AND SPITS LIKE A SODA-WATER SYPHON.



THE SECRETARY BIRD IS INCLINED TO BE IRRITABLE: HE IS EASILY RUFFLED, AND SHOWS A DESIRE TO BITE THE OFFENDER'S HEAD OFF.



THE SCOTTISH WILD CAT IS NEVER ANYTHING BUT WILD—AT ANY RATE, WHENEVER HE SEES A SOUTHRON.



THE HEAD BABOON ON MONKEY HILL APPEARS TO KEEP THE OTHER BABOONS IN ORDER BY A SHEER EXHIBITION OF TEMPER.

Animals, like human beings, are prone to displays of temper, and they have not acquired the human power of "keeping" it, but show it readily with ingenuous candour. The various modes of expressing anger among animals and birds form a fascinating subject of study. Everyone knows, of course, the methods adopted by domestic animals, such as horses, dogs, and cats, but the symptoms of wrath among creatures of the wild are less familiar. We illustrate here some remarkable examples of ferocity at the "Zoo," in a set of photographs taken by Mr. Neville Kingston, whose work is well known to our readers. We recently gave some photographs of his, for example, illustrating dinner-time in the Reptile House. Of the present collection he writes: "These photographs are guaranteed to contain nothing but pure temper, and were exceedingly difficult to obtain, for, as a rule, there is not very much time between a cross look and a spring with most of the 'larger cats,' and a cross bird is not usually at all backward in coming forward. This series is quite unique and genuine, showing a set of animals obviously in a temper."



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE ATLANTIC FLOWN ONCE MORE: MR. E. F. SCHLEE (LEFT) AND MR. WILLIAM BROCK (WHO FLEW FROM HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, TO CROYDON, AS PART OF A WORLD TOUR) ON THE ROOF OF THE SAVOY.



AFTER HIS ADVENTUROUS AND UNEXPECTED FLIGHT FROM PARIS TO LONDON: MR. LEVINE INTERVIEWED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CROYDON AFTER HAVING PILOTED THE "MISS COLUMBIA" FROM LE BOURGET.



THE HON. SIR CHARLES COGHLAN.

(Born, June 24, 1863; died, Aug. 28.) First Premier and Minister of Native Affairs of Southern Rhodesia since 1923, when the Constitution was granted. A solicitor by profession.



THE FOURTH EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH.

(Born, June 30, 1884; died, Aug. 27.) President, Amateur Gymnastic Association. Vice-President, British Olympic Association. Private Chamberlain of Sword and Cape to the Pope.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. CORKRAN, C.B., C.M.G.

New G.O.C. the London District. Commandant of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, for the past five years. Commandant at the Senior Officers' School, 1919-21. During war, a Brigade Commander.



MR. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

(Born, Feb. 9, 1860; died, Aug. 26.) Formerly editor and proprietor of the "Spectator." Retired in December, 1925, but remained a regular contributor. Editor of the "Cornhill," 1896-97.



THE MOST REV. DR. J. H. BERNARD.

(Born, July 27, 1860; died, Aug. 29.) Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, since 1919. Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin, 1911-15. Archbishop of Dublin, 1915-19.



ZAGHLUL PASHA, A FORMER EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER, WHO WAS "THE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY BRITISH INTERESTS HAD ENCOUNTERED IN EGYPT SINCE ARABI PASHA."



MR. BALDWIN BECOMES "BIG CHIEF SITTING EAGLE," OF THE STONEY TRIBE: THE PRIME MINISTER IN HIS FEATHERED HEAD-DESS; WITH MRS. BALDWIN AND CHIEF SITTING EAGLE AND HIS SQUAW.



VISCOUNT CECIL, WHO HAS RESIGNED THE CHANCELLORSHIP OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, AS HE IS IN DISAGREEMENT WITH THE MAJORITY OF THE CABINET ON THE BROAD POLICY OF DISARMAMENT.

Messrs. Brock and Schlee left Harbour Grace on August 27 and reached Croydon at 10.33 a.m. next day, after a non-stop flight of 24 hours 21 minutes. They are trying to fly round the world in twenty days or less; and they left Croydon for Munich and the East on the Monday.—The disagreements between Mr. Levine and M. Drouhin, the French pilot he engaged for his proposed return cross-Atlantic flight, resulted in a curious incident on August 29, when Mr. Levine got control of his machine by a ruse at Le Bourget, and suddenly flew off in it. He is not a qualified pilot, but he managed to land in safety at Croydon.—Lord Gainsborough is succeeded by his son, Viscount Campden, born in 1923.—Major-General Corkran is to succeed Major-General Lord Ruthven on February 1, 1928.

—Dr. John Henry Bernard was ordained in 1886. In 1919 he became a Privy Councillor, Ireland.—Zaghlul Pasha, who was born some seventy years ago, rose from fellah to Prime Minister, and was a very remarkable personality. As the "Morning Post" had it the other day: "Zaghlul Pasha, who in his young days was praised by the late Lord Cromer for his initiative in the service of his country, proved in his old age to be a most impossible irreconcilable, and the most dangerous enemy British interests had encountered in Egypt since Arabi Pasha."—During his visit to Canada, Mr. Baldwin was invested with the feathers and other insignia of a Chief of the Stoney Indians, with the title "Big Chief Sitting Eagle." The photograph was taken at the Indian Reservation, Alberta.





BY APPOINTMENT  
MOTOR CAR TYRE  
MANUFACTURERS  
TO  
H.M. THE KING

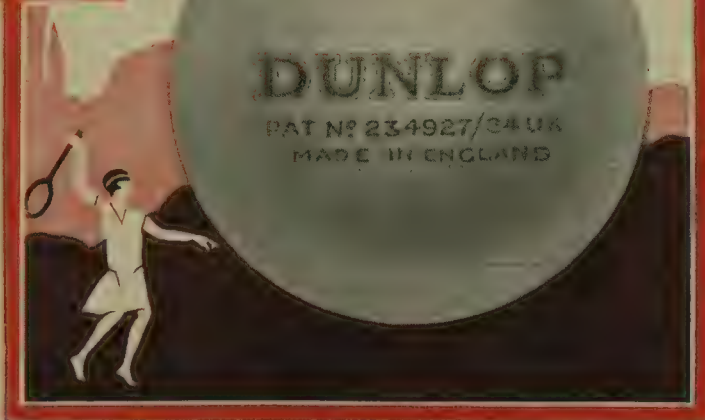
# The Triumphant Trio on Road, Links and Court



In motoring, cycling, and motor-cycling Dunlop Tyres are supreme. It is cost-per-mile that counts, and, judged on this value basis, Dunlop Tyres are by far the most economical you can buy. Use Dunlop Tyres regularly, and you will decrease your running costs and greatly add to your motoring comfort.

In golf, the Black Dunlop 'Maxfli' is, without doubt, the longest driving golf ball in the world. It provides steadier flight, easier playing and greater durability.

In lawn tennis, the Dunlop Ball is now recognised everywhere as the best and most consistent. You will be amazed at its control and lasting qualities.



**FIT**  
**DUNLOP**  
**PLAY**





"A most fascinating smoke  
these Craven "A" —  
they never catch my throat"

**CRAVEN "A"**  
CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

20/6-1/-



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

## A Royal Racing Enthusiast.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is the only member of our Royal Family who takes a serious interest in racing. Although his Majesty has horses in training and is as delighted as all his subjects

when the royal colours come first past the post, he is not particularly attracted by the sport of flat racing, and the Prince of Wales reserves his enthusiasm for steeplechasing. Princess Mary, however, has inherited her grandfather's genuine interest in the Turf. She is an excellent judge of a horse, and follows the sport closely at every meeting she attends. She had a house-party for York Races last week, and arrived with the Earl of Lonsdale and Viscount Lascelles; while her party also included the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, the only child of Lord Woolavington, and one of the most knowledgeable of all the regular feminine racegoers. Princess Mary looks her best in simple, tailor-made suits, and was a trim and attractive figure on the opening day at York in her fawn-coloured coat and skirt, with a hat exactly to match. The latter was adorned with a diamond brooch in the style of the moment.

## A Royal Golfer.

All the members of our royal family thoroughly enjoy the Scottish season, and it is expected that there will be a large family gathering at Balmoral, where the Queen is due to arrive on Sept. 7, in time to attend the Braemar Gathering with the King on the following day. Her Majesty is very fond of watching Highland games, and takes a keen interest in the displays of dancing which are always a feature of these Scottish entertainments. The royal party for the Braemar Gathering is expected to include Prince Henry, the Princess Royal, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

Princess Helena Victoria is another royal lady who is very fond of Scotland, and is an enthusiast for the national game of golf. She nearly always honours Colonel Sir Courtauld Thomson by paying him a visit at his house at Gullane, and has already been there this year. Gullane is quite near North Berwick, and is a convenient golfing centre, as one can play on the excellent courses actually at Gullane, or go over for a game on the famous but rather crowded North Berwick links. Princess Helena Victoria is a very witty conversationalist, and has a keen sense

of enjoyment. She is fond of dancing too, and attended at least one charity ball in London this season—the White Rose Ball, where she and Princess Arthur of Connaught both danced repeatedly.

## A Marriage of Hunting Interest.

A number of important marriages are fixed to take place in London in the early autumn, including that of Lord Weymouth, the son and heir of the Marquess of Bath, and the Hon. Daphne Vivian, on Oct. 27; but the first wedding of the "little season" will be that of the Hon. Edward Greenall to Miss Josephine Laycock. The ceremony is to take place quietly on Sept. 12, and the marriage is of great interest to hunting people, as both bride and bridegroom go very well across country, and are outstanding personalities in the famous "Shires." Mr. Greenall is the second son of Lord Daresbury, who, as Sir Gilbert Greenall, was Master of the Belvoir from 1896 until 1911; and Miss Josephine Laycock is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock. She is only in her nineteenth year, and is following the example of her sister, now the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie, by marrying very young. Both Miss Josephine Laycock and Mrs. Baillie are accomplished horsewomen, and follow the modern fashion of riding astride, wearing well-cut breeches and coats, and looking extremely neat in the saddle. Although the wedding of Miss Laycock and Mr. Greenall is to be a quiet one, it is probable that the occasion will be a big gathering of hunting people, as both bride and bridegroom elect and their respective families are very popular, and their many friends will all want to be at the wedding.

## English Artists and American Sitters.

A great many of us are inclined to deplore the fact that American plays, American actresses, and American novels seem to enjoy such an enormous success over here, and almost overshadow our own stage productions and fiction; but it must not be forgotten that in the world of art there is something to redress the balance. That is the big success that English portrait-painters enjoy in the United States. Before the war, the Countess of Lauderdale (then Viscountess Maitland) went over to America, and took some orders for miniatures, as she is a painter of considerable talent. She had an enormous vogue, and was offered many more commissions than she could undertake, and history has repeated itself with the Marchioness of Queensberry and Miss Olive Snell.

The Marchioness of Queensberry was formerly Miss Cathleen Mann, and is the daughter of the well-known portrait-painter, Mr. Harrington Mann. Before her marriage she worked seriously at her art, and held a "one-woman" show in London when scarcely out of her teens. Her work roused much admiration, and since her marriage she has exhibited at Burlington

House (at the winter show) and elsewhere, while she enjoyed a very big success in America last winter, and has so many would-be sitters waiting for her over there that she contemplates paying another visit to the States some time in the near future.

## On the Borders.

The Border counties of Scotland, which have been made famous by Scott's many references to them, and by the fact that the great Scottish novelist lived at Abbotsford, are not only a beautiful part of the country, but are very gay at this time of the year, although they do not offer such distinctive entertainments as the Highland Games, which take place further north. Roxburghshire, in particular, has a number of young and active hostesses in residence. The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, who are now at their beautiful place, Mertoun, St. Boswells, are among the most important residents in the county, and now that she has two daughters out, Lady Ellesmere is entertaining more than she used to do. Lady Anne Egerton made her debut last year, and Lady Jane's first appearance in society was in the middle of this season, as she returned from school in Paris in time to "come out" at the ball given by Lady

Ellesmere at Bridgewater House, and went with her father to stay at Lowther Castle when he shot with the Earl of Lonsdale over Shap Fell on the Twelfth. She is a charming, vivacious girl, with naturally curly hair and a brilliant smile, and is one of the most popular members of the younger set in society.

## An Interesting Personality.

Reverting to artists, Miss Olive Snell is another woman artist who has enjoyed a big success in America. She is an extremely interesting personality, and is well known both in the social world and in artistic circles. In private life Miss Snell is Mrs. Eben Lecky Pike, the wife of Colonel Eben Lecky Pike, Grenadier Guards. Before her marriage she enjoyed quite a little vogue with her wash-and-line portraits, but she did not study art seriously, and it was not until after the war that she began to do so. She then took up painting in oils, and was lucky enough to have some lessons from that celebrated artist Augustus John, who was interested in her work. Last winter she visited the United States, and held an exhibition of her work over there, with the result that she had many applications from would-be sitters and painted many of the most prominent American men and women. She has had a large number of distinguished sitters, both in this country and the States, and has painted the Prince of Wales and many other important people, as well as a number of stage favourites. Her work is well known to *Sketch* readers, as her wash-and-line portraits are often reproduced in our sister paper.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. EDWARD GREENALL: MISS JOSEPHINE LAYCOCK. Miss Josephine Laycock, whose engagement to the Hon. Edward Greenall, younger son of Lord and Lady Daresbury, has been announced, is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock. The marriage is fixed for September 12.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE: LADY ANNE EGERTON.

Lady Anne Egerton is the eldest of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's six daughters. She has one brother, Viscount Brackley, born in 1915.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE: LADY JANE EGERTON.

Lady Jane Egerton is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, and made her debut at the ball given by Lady Ellesmere last season at Bridgewater House.



THE ARTIST DAUGHTER OF AN ARTIST: THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

The Marchioness of Queensberry was formerly Miss Cathleen Mann, and is the daughter of Mr. Harrington Mann, the well-known artist. She married Lord Queensberry in 1926, and has a baby daughter.



IN PRIVATE LIFE, MRS. EBEN LECKY PIKE: MISS OLIVE SNELL, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

Miss Olive Snell, the well-known artist, is in private life Mrs. Eben Lecky Pike. Her husband is Colonel Eben Lecky Pike, Grenadier Guards.



# Fashions & Fancies

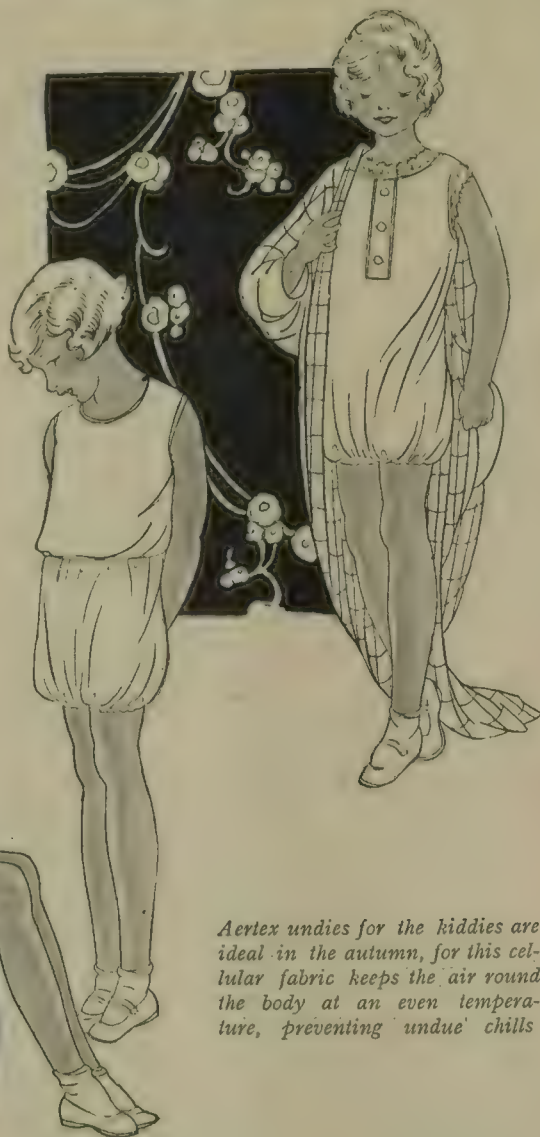
ON CERTAIN UNCERTAINTIES OF THE MODE AND A REMINDER THAT SCHOOL CLOTHES ARE TOPICAL JUST NOW FOR THE MORE YOUTHFUL ELEMENT.

## Two-Colour Fantasies.

Autumn being the season of changing tints, fashion is following the leafy path by painting frocks, suits, and hats in two colours, notably in soft shades of russet and brown. Coats and skirts, for instance, are made of bordered tweeds if they are for the country, while for town one very smart suit is in black, with revers and hems of a new shade of dark red, woven in the material. Dark blue, hemmed with the bright tint which has been fashionable all the summer, is another two-colour alliance which is introduced in the new suits. Hats, of course, are an easy medium of expression, and Angora felt, as soft as thistledown, is worked with quite intricate designs in different colours inlet all over the crown.

## Two-Piece Ensembles are Still Divided.

The original two-piece suit with frock and coat of the same material is still superseded by the ensemble of different materials. Coats of silk velour or the heavier velour-cloth are worn over frocks of crêpe-de-Chine and the new ring velvet, bearing very little relation to each other except in harmony of colour. The coats are a little less straight and "tailored" looking than last season. Indications of a waist-line, whether low or high, are given by series of tiny tucks, and large collars and revers of long-haired silky furs such as fox and lynx outline the front of



*Aertex undies for the kiddies are ideal in the autumn, for this cellular fabric keeps the air round the body at an even temperature, preventing undue chills*

the coat, giving a delightfully soft silhouette. It is difficult to state definitely so early in the season whether the actual length will be longer or shorter, but in the advance models day frocks seem as brief as ever, with perhaps an extra inch on the coats for reasons of winter temperature.

## New Knitted Fashions.

It is quite evident that women will never relinquish knitted fashions for sports. It is a mode which seems to be able to combine the severely practical with the really smart.

Autumn golf and country suits are of stockinette woven so closely that it resembles cloth. Navy-blue is distinctive, and rather new for the sports costumes, worn with jumpers in soft greys and blues speckled like birds' eggs. The neck-line is distinctly varied, only the turned-down collar being definitely out of the picture. Square necks, "fisher" collars, and the circular top, slit abruptly in the centre and continuing in a small "V" which looks almost accidental—these are all to be found on the latest jerseys of the mode. The coats,



*These well-cut autumn coats and suit are from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W., who are specialising in complete school-girl outfits for the coming terms.*



*Marking school outfits with Cash's woven names makes a simple affair of an otherwise tedious job, and has lasting results, for nothing ever gets lost.*

by the way, are made single-breasted and worn closed, unlike the summer sports suits, which had the cardigan type of coat designed to display the jersey beneath. These new sports suits are so perfectly tailored that they look like a cloth coat and skirt for which anywhere out of Paris is "out of bounds."

## School Outfit Estimates.

During the next ten days every mother will be occupied with the important problem of equipping her youthful family for the coming term. It must be noted that Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W., are making a speciality of school outfits, and will be pleased to send complete patterns and estimates on application. They will supply any required uniform for the different schools. From there comes the well-cut coat and skirt below, in fine checked tweed, double-breasted, and as perfectly tailored as a "grown-up's." The price is 6½ guineas; and 4½ guineas is the cost of the little double-breasted tweed coat on the left. The one on the right with the velvet collar is of blue speckled tweed, and costs 5 guineas.

## Aertex Undies.

For the autumn term, when the weather is treacherous and merges unobtrusively into winter, the kiddies' underclothes are especially important. Clothing should always be light—and schoolgirls hate superfluous garments—but those that there are must be hygienic. Aertex cellular fabric is ideal for the winter. Its perfect hygienic qualities, its softness and smoothness, have made it universally appreciated. The fabric scientifically provides a mantle of air, imprisoned in thousands of tiny cells, and this remains unaffected by changing temperatures and so prevents chill. There are Aertex garments of every kind and for every member of the family, obtainable from all the leading outfitters. A trio of typical kiddies' underclothes are pictured on this page, the embodiment of comfort, freedom, and safety.

## Marking Clothes For School.

The school outfit safely bought, the last but most important task remains—marking everything with the name of its young owner. Cash's woven names will make it easy, and give the pleasant assurance of a job well done. They are woven on fine cambric tape in many-coloured lettering, and cost 2s. 9d. for three dozen, 3s. 9d. for six dozen, and 5s. for twelve dozen. They can be obtained from all drapers and outfitters at short notice, and a postcard to J. and J. Cash, Ltd., Coventry, will bring free samples and list of styles.

## A Book of Tailored Shirt Jumpers.

September is the month for tailored costumes, and it promises to be a distinct coat and skirt season. Consequently, several well-cut shirt jumpers are essential to every woman's wardrobe, and Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., have issued a booklet illustrating their new models. It will be sent post free on request. A plain, tailored affair in Eastern silk finished with wide tucks can be secured for 29s. 6d., and another in washing crêpe-de-Chine shirting is 45s. 9d. At 59s. 6d. there are several styles in various silks.





All down the 'Dilly the traffic is slowed  
Drivers politely say "Well, I'll be blowed!"  
(*'Close up' shows view of a hole in the road.*)

## PICCADILLY UP AGAIN

Drivers must dally till 'Dilly's O.K.,  
Meanwhile the pick and the shovel hold sway,  
(*Tar breezes tone up the system, they say.*)

Drawn and coloured by D. Zinkeisen and dedicated, with permission.

to John Walker Esq., distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland



## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## THE BROADCAST PROMENADES.

AS far as can be judged from the first fortnight of the Promenade concert season at the Queen's Hall this year, the broadcasting of those concerts has not diminished the attendances in the least degree. The two-shilling Promenade has been even fuller than usual—unless I am very much mistaken—and the two circles have been sold out on several nights and well filled on others. It would seem, therefore, that the attendances will average the same as during the past few years, although, I repeat, it is too early in the season to make a definite judgment. But, if this should prove to be the case, it is certainly very curious that broadcasting these concerts should neither increase nor diminish the numbers of the audiences. It is all the more curious when one takes into consideration the fact that the audiences this year appear to be of a somewhat different character from those of the past. There seem to be a great number of newcomers—which is, indeed, what one would expect from the new publicity in hitherto unexplored quarters which the B.B.C. has given to these concerts. What has become of the old audiences whom the newcomers are replacing—for if they had continued to come the audiences this year would have been conspicuously larger than last year? One can only conclude that there is a natural yearly wastage, and probably an additional cyclical wastage every three or five years. A number of people get into the habit of going regularly to the "Proms" every season for two or three years; then they cease to go, probably for good, although they may come again and get the habit once more many years later. Numbers of young

men and women get the "Promenade" habit; then they settle down, marry, and stay at home, and if they want to hear music they prefer to listen in, as it requires so much less effort. It is only the enthusiasts, the fanatics, or the very young and curious, who have the energy to make the journey to the Queen's Hall, and those social souls who love to take their pleasures in public.

The general character of the programmes has remained unchanged, although the B.B.C. has substituted a new booklet programme for the old Promenade sheet. There is perceptible a slight alteration in public taste. The Wagner Monday nights are apparently not quite so popular as they have been, but a whole evening of Bach on Wednesday, Aug. 17, completely filled the hall. It is an extraordinary phenomenon, and one that would have astonished the critics and musicians of forty years ago, to find Bach more popular than Wagner or Tchaikovsky, but it is certainly true at the moment. Mr. Harold Samuel played the Bach Concerto No. 1 in D minor for piano-forte and orchestra with his customary smoothness and clarity, and was so enthusiastically received that Sir Henry Wood relaxed his usual rule and allowed an encore. We don't find pianists playing Liszt and Tchaikovsky getting encores nowadays, so this is another triumph for Bach and for Time, which brings extraordinary revenges, and none more extraordinary than the present rage for Bach after his music's having been almost completely forgotten for nearly a hundred years from his death.

It is regrettable, however, that there is not yet a similar enthusiasm for Mozart and Haydn, to whom Tuesday evenings are mostly devoted. Tuesdays draw the worst audiences of the week, and this is, perhaps, a sign that it is not so much Bach's pure musicianship

as his intellectual solidity and rhythmic vigour which draws the public. An anæmic, over-refined public is more likely to find satisfaction and to be drawn to the full-blooded vigour of Bach than to the exquisite workmanship of Mozart. It is the robust, vital nature and the vigorous taste which finds pleasure in Mozart. Tchaikovsky and Wagner are vital and full-blooded enough, but they have not got quite the intellectual solidity which the present day demands. We are becoming suspicious of them, and withhold our consent from their emotional raptures, whereas Bach gives us confidence—as women have confidence in the emotional raptures of a soldier.

It is, however, a mistaken judgment which sees only refinement and exquisite workmanship in Mozart, and Sir Henry Wood is well advised in giving Mozart's finest symphonies in his Tuesday programmes rather than the earlier, more youthful works which he has been performing during the two previous seasons. Such a work as the great G minor Symphony, which was played on Tuesday, Aug. 16, is an example in point. This symphony—like its two great fellows, the E flat and the C major of the same year, 1788—is anything but a piece of mere exquisite musicianship. It is a full-blooded, highly dramatic composition which ought, if properly performed, to be absolutely thrilling. Mozart's biographer, Otto Jahn, declared that this symphony "rises in a continuous climax to a wild merriment, as though seeking to stifle care." This is an excellent description, but many modern conductors seem never to have heard of it, from the tame, uninspired way in which they perform the work. Of the Minuet (third movement) Jahn says that it embodies a spiritual conflict; but some more recent commentators have even gone so far as to declare they can find no traces of conflict in this movement.

(Continued on page 398.)

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## THE NEW LIGHT ROVER.

ONE of the most successful light British cars of which I have had experience has been the 9-20 Rover touring model, a little car which in some ways approaches the Continental in its general design and performance. I do not mean by this that we cannot make as good or even considerably better small cars than our foreign rivals, but that there is a certain class of particularly lively and sometimes very fast, very light machine which seems to be almost entirely the product of France.

The little Rover, without seriously competing with some of these special machines in maximum speed, seems to me to have filled the gap between the small car of moderate performance and the 1½-litre or 2-litre car of more ambitious potentiality. In one way, at least, if you compare prices, the Rover has most of the foreign cars beaten, and that is in accommodation. I know very few cars of a nominal 9-h.p. which are so roomy as this one.

The 9-20 has now been modified, the bore having been increased from 60 to 63 mm., making it officially a 10-h.p. car, with a £10 annual tax attached to it. In other respects the engine remains the same, the stroke being 95. Overhead-valves are used, operated by push-rods and rockers, in the usual manner. What is not quite so usual is in the cylinder-block being separate from the upper half of the crank-case. It is usual in cars of a higher price, but not always to be found in this class. The detachable cylinder-head is machined all over inside, which is another not too common luxury — or rather, necessity.

Usual pressure lubrication is used, which feeds the rockers of the valve gear. This valve gear is unusually quiet at ordinary speeds.

The engine, as a whole, is a neat piece of work, and fairly accessibly arranged. The magneto is still placed as before, immediately under the carburetter, a position which necessitates the use of a small tray

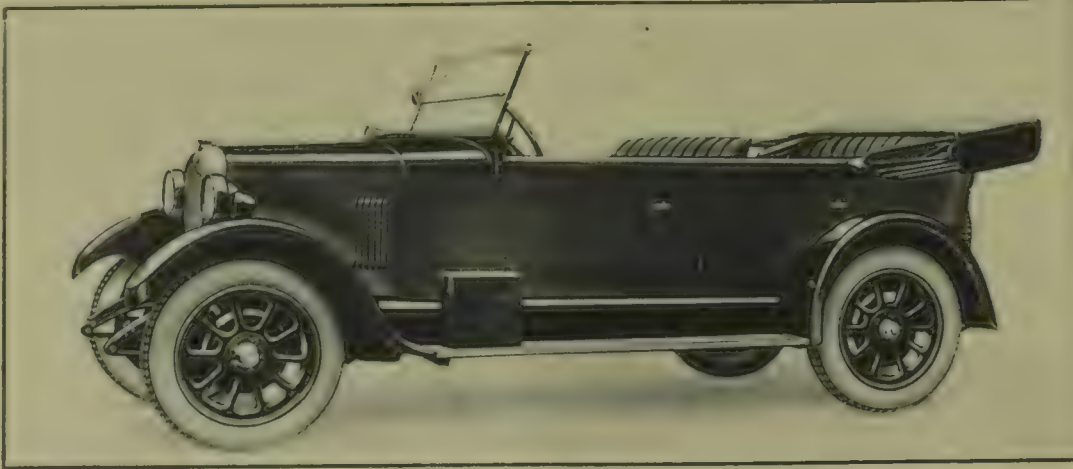
under the float-chamber to lead petrol drippings away from the contact-breaker. I think myself that this is a pity, and that a new position should be found. That tray offends my eye by its makeshift appearance and my sense of what is fitting by the necessity for its existence. Pump circulation is used for the water cooling, but no fan is fitted.

There is no change in the dry plate clutch, or in the gear-box, which still has three forward speeds, and is still centrally controlled. A new and excellent departure, however, is to be found in the enclosing of the propeller shaft, and the supporting of it by a central bearing. More than once I have been invited to listen to "funny periods" in the transmission by anxious owners of light cars, to find that they were due to the open propeller shaft.

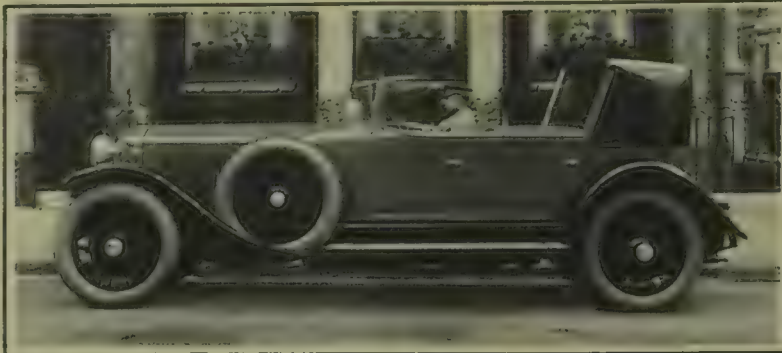
The brakes have been improved since I last drove the 9-20 Rover. There are only four, but the foot and hand controls are entirely independent, the pedal working all four and the lever the rear pair only. The pedal set give good control of the car without being unusually powerful, and the hand-applied set is of about normal efficiency. The operation of either is light, smooth, and progressive.

On the road the newest type of Rover impressed me chiefly on two points—its acceleration and its springing. In spite of the fact that the carburetter fitted to the car I tried (it is a standard fitting) suffered from a really bad flat spot at low speeds, the acceleration from about fifteen miles an hour to forty-five was decidedly inspiring. The engine showed remarkable liveliness and no demand for "stoking." On quite a moderate-throttle opening it would pick up and get away, and be well into its stride in a very short time. I do not think that I had the throttle wide open more

(Continued overleaf.)



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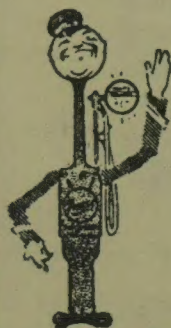
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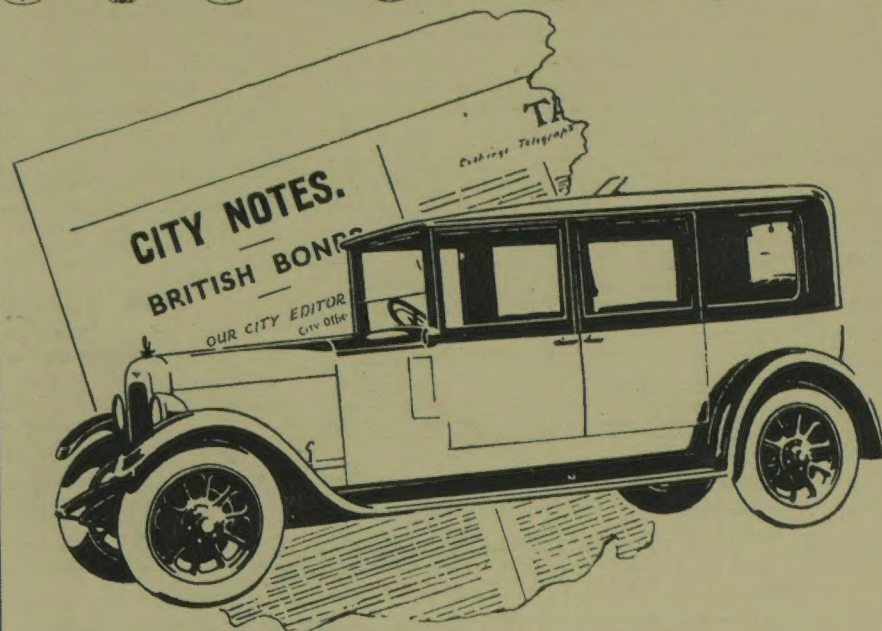


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(Continued.)  
than once, and that was when I was putting the car through a rather special hill-climbing test.

To this liveliness of the engine is added, as I said, very pleasant running and road-holding. Up to a little over thirty miles an hour the engine makes very little noise, but as you approach forty it has a good deal to say for itself. It is, however, by no means unpleasant, and such vibration as there is is slight and chiefly noticeable on the rim of the steering-wheel. I do not think that the maximum speed of the new Rover is any higher than that of its predecessor, but there is no question about the general improvement in running which the increase in bore has given it. There is considerably "more" in the engine than there was. I proved this, as I said, in a rather special hill-climb, by keeping the speed down to twenty miles an hour on approaching a one-in-seven hill. This would, in most instances, "kill" an engine of these dimensions, and probably necessitate changing to bottom gear. The Rover, however, picked up speed on second almost immediately, and quickened its pace straight through to the top of the climb.

The body-work of the four-seater, which was the model I tried, is plainly finished, but has a good

appearance. There is plenty of room back and front for the four passengers it is designed to carry. The doors are particularly wide, and the arm-rests fitted to the wide back seats combine to make it a really comfortable little car. The cushions are upholstered in leather. Another excellent point is that the driving seat is adjustable over a range of five inches.

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JOHN PRIOLEAU.

### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 394.)

One wonders what can have become of their ears, for it is plain to anybody who is sensitive to musical expression that this Minuet is the communication of a most violent conflict. Sir Henry Wood must, therefore, be praised for the effort which he made to give a vigorous, dynamic performance of this symphony, and, although his orchestra did not quite

respond to the degree required, yet they played very well on the whole and the performance was a genuinely enjoyable one. However, I still hope to live to hear these three Mozart symphonies performed, as they ought to be performed, with a Beethoven intensity, and then we might find that the public would begin to appreciate their greatness.

It may sound odd that anyone should think Brahms to be a less dramatic, less vital, composer than Mozart, but I hold that opinion. Wednesday, Aug. 24, was a Brahms evening at the Promenades, and the programme included his "Academic" overture, his first Symphony in C minor, and his Violin Concerto. The orchestra played well, and Miss Daisy Kennedy, in spite of a momentary failure of memory, gave a sound performance of the Violin Concerto; but what interested me most was Sir Henry Wood's attempt to do what all modern conductors invariably do attempt with Brahms—namely, to make him sound grand and sublime.

It is astonishing how much critical acumen some of our much despised ancestors had. A nineteenth-century critic named Ehler declared that Brahms's orchestral music lacked Beethoven's sublimity, and

(Continued overleaf.)



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(Continued.)

compared his symphonies to finely orchestrated chamber music. In this I think he hit the nail exactly on the head. Brahms is a lyrical composer, and I have always maintained that he was such. He is at his best in his most lyrical moments, and only then is he truly free and spontaneous. As proof of this contention I would instance his songs. Brahms was one of the three greatest song-writers the world has known; whereas Beethoven, who had the truly epic grandeur which Brahms lacked, was not a prolific song-writer. He wrote a few fine songs, but they were happy accidents; his genius did not usually move freely in that narrow medium.

But a further proof can be found in Brahms's symphonies themselves. Far the most perfect and attractive of his symphonies is the second, which is much the most lyrical of the four. In the first symphony—the one in C minor—there is apparent a great straining after the sublime, and Ehler considered that in the last movement of this symphony Brahms exceptionally attained it. I do not agree. To me the strain is too evident. I admit that Brahms invents some fine themes and that he shows extraordinary skill in building up his effect, but the whole scheme of this *finale* is too *voulu*, too self-consciously contrived and schemed, and, as for the "Cambridge Chimes" theme, I never did like it, and I consider it as a blot upon the last movement, because it gives one the impression of having been judiciously selected by Brahms, and not the discovery of the moment's inspiration.

On the other hand, the most spontaneous and delightful parts of this symphony are in the more lyrical moments, the *Andante* and the *Allegretto*. Here we get the real Brahms, whose most conspicuous talent was a wonderful melodic invention. Brahms simply welled up with luscious melodies, and, as he was a consummate workman, he was able to make the very most of his material, and the jewel-like effects of the slow movements of his symphonies are without parallel in music. As soon, however, as he attempts the heroic or the sublime, he becomes short of breath and his music ceases to *flow*. And no amount of artifice can conceal that lack of spontaneous, impulsive *flow* from the ears of the discriminating critic, once he has become familiar with the real thing in the works of Beethoven.

W. J. TURNER.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## STRINDBERG AND BARRIE AT THE SAVOY.

STRINDBERG'S "Father" is the play of a misogynist; but for all that it is a fine tragedy, the work of an artist as well as of a zealot. It is harrowing certainly to watch a man being tormented and slowly driven mad by the women of his household; but there is such power in this piece, the author sticks so resolutely to his point—woman as the stronger because more elemental and unconscious animal—and he brings such personal yet restrained emotion to his task, that his story carries an audience by storm. His own bitter experience has gone to the framing of his indictment, but it is quite as much an indictment of masculine weakness of purpose as of feminine tenacity. Man, however, plays no second fiddle in the acting at the Savoy. If Miss Haidee Wright's performance is rich in poignancy, and Miss Dorothy Dix does singularly well in the unsympathetic rôle of the wife, the big moments come from Mr. Robert Loraine. This actor's is also the triumph in a one-act sketch of Sir James Barrie's, which precedes "The Father." The work, entitled "Barbara's Wedding," is a study of actual dementia or senile decay, the picture of a Crimean veteran who, in 1918, dreams of days prior to the Great War, and muddles up past and present in persons as well as in events. It makes a little too obvious a bid for pity, and is far too mawkish in its sentiment; but, it gives Mr. Loraine one more splendid opportunity.

## "LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT," AT THE ROYALTY.

There is nothing to shock or to startle in Mr. Miles Malleon's new comedy, "Love At Second Sight." Shaped out of a novel by Margot Neville, it is just a pleasant and light entertainment, and those will enjoy it most who examine its texture least critically. Why Nanda Macdonald—young, pretty, prettily dressed, and apparently possessed of a *flair* for journalism—should sit starving on a bench in the park is a bit of a mystery. But her plight enables her to listen to the confidences of Hugh Raine, a young man desperately angry and desperately afflicted because a French dancer has treated him badly, and, when once Hugh and Nanda

have met, events move. Indeed, they are married in no time, and then there is trouble. Part of it is concerned with the loss of a ring belonging to an aunt on whom Hugh is dependent; the playgoer will do well not to trouble too much about what happened to the ring. More trouble comes when Nanda is found to have written, and got published, an article about her park meeting with Hugh, and still more when, after a quarrel, she disappears. But with a happy ending and much fun on the telephone, and happy acting on the part of Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Phyllis Titmuss as the lovers at second sight, and Mr. George Relph, Miss Alice O'Day, and Miss Lilian Lane in other parts, visitors to the Royalty can count on an abundance of mild enjoyment in this piece. Good luck to it!

## "THE ONE-EYED HERRING," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"The One-Eyed Herring" sounds a strange title even for a "crook" play; but it is soon explained, and is really the least mysterious thing in the bundle of mysteries with which Sir Frank Popham Young thrills us at Wyndham's. At Castle Swilly, which might be called Crazy Castle, a certain Joe Pazzi from America combines the businesses of herring-canning and bootlegging. Such tins of his as show on their labels a herring with a single eye contain spirits. But bootlegging is a small item in the flood of crime into which the author plunges us, which includes various kinds of theft and murder; while the blood-curdling accessories comprise secret doors, electric torches, pistols, poison, and even ghosts. The plot is as bewildering as it is lurid, and is not made less bewildering by the oddity of nearly all its characters. If such grotesques as the Baron and Count are obvious enough in their twopence-coloured badness, what of the rest? Are they crooks or the trackers of crooks? But audiences that like to be dazed will enjoy the puzzle they are offered, and they will find the actors revelling in their job, notably Mr. Hewitt as a butler, and Mr. Clive Currie as the millionaire-ghost who owns the tin cans. Fortunately, amid all the mystery there moves one serene and genial figure about whom there can be no error. She is Miss Connie Ediss, as droll and delightful as ever.

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